Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 65.—Vol. V. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, March 1, 1905 With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Locke

Photo by *Ellis and Walery*

Miss Vera Thorton

As one of the Dutch Girls in the catchy song "Tina Schwartz," sung by Miss Maudi Darrell, in *The Talk of the Town*, at the Lyric Theatre

No. 65.—Vol. V.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short, witty sketches and episodes, rather than stories, of a bright, crisp, and epigrammatic nature, of about 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, are the only kind of fiction that is wanted, and preference is given to that which is light and amusing. News and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone Number is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

"The Castle of the Shadows." By Mrs. C. N. Williamson. (Methuen: 6s.)

"Mrs. Galer's Business." By W. Pett Ridge. (Methuen: 6s.)

"The Root." By Orme Agnus. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)

"His Reverence the Rector." By Sarah Tytler. (John Long: 6s.)

"The Identity of Jane." By Alice Methley. (John Long: 6s.)

"The Marble City." By G. B. Burgin. (Hutchinson: 6s.)

"Three of Them." By Maxim Gorky. (Fisher Unwin 1s. net.)

"The Stickit Minister." By S. R. Crockett. (Fisher Unwin: 1s. net.)

"The World Masters." By George Griffith. (John Long: 6d.)

MISCELLANEOUS

"Motor Index Marks, Speed Tables, New Sign Posts, and Lighting-up Tables." An invaluable little waistcoat pocket fill-up for motorists. Price, 1d. (T. Throup, Publisher, Bradford.)

"Rice Papers." By H. L. Norris. (Longmans Green: 6s.)

"Trout Fishing." By W. Earl Hodgson. (A. and C. Black: 7s. 6d.)

"Thumbnail Essays." By "K. C." (Brown, Langham: 3s. 6d. net.)

"Peeps into Nature's Ways." Being chapters on Insect, Plant, and Minute Life. By John J. Ward. Profusely illustrated (Isbister.)

"A Japanese Utopia." By Leonard Arthur Magnus. (Routledge: 1s.)

"England's Ruin." By A. M. S. Methuen. (Methuen: 3d. net.)

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

London: Wednesday

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

March 1, 1905

It strikes us, without any wish to appear too concise, that the conditions of peace, as published by most of the papers, are not only premature, but rather one-sided. Those intelligent gentlemen who are discoursing on the prospects of a peace being concluded between Russia and Japan have overlooked two not unimportant concomitants, viz.: (1) The Japanese have defeated Russia in the most hollow fashion whenever they have met, and (2) Japan still holds the trumps in Manchuria.

* * *

This being the case, if Russia's published proposals were official, which they are not, any bystander would naturally suppose that Japan had been defeated and was now suing for terms. Her magnanimous enemy, having gone to war because she would not evacuate Manchuria according to her solemn promises, is willing now only to occupy permanently two-thirds of it. Just so. Orientals, not generally noted as fighters, are invariably clever diplomatists, and we may take it that the Mikado's advisers, when it comes to discussing the terms of peace, will lay down conditions which will not only stagger the Tsar's optimistic officials, but which Japan will be in a condition to enforce. In fact, it seems to us that the longer Russia takes to realise that she is beaten right along the line, the greater will be the indemnity she will be compelled to pay.

* * *

The process of whitewashing Admiral Rozhdestvensky, which has been so admirably performed by the North Sea Commission, reflects considerable credit on the *esprit de corps* of naval officers. If those distinguished officers at the Quai d'Orsay, in cold blood, defend the right of the Russian Admiral to fire on fishing-boats because he thought they were an enemy, and decide that he was justified in hurrying on without rendering assistance, or informing the

THE MIKADO: "AN EXCELLENT HEADING, YOUR MAJESTY, BUT—PARDON ME—DO YOU DICTATE THE CONDITIONS?"

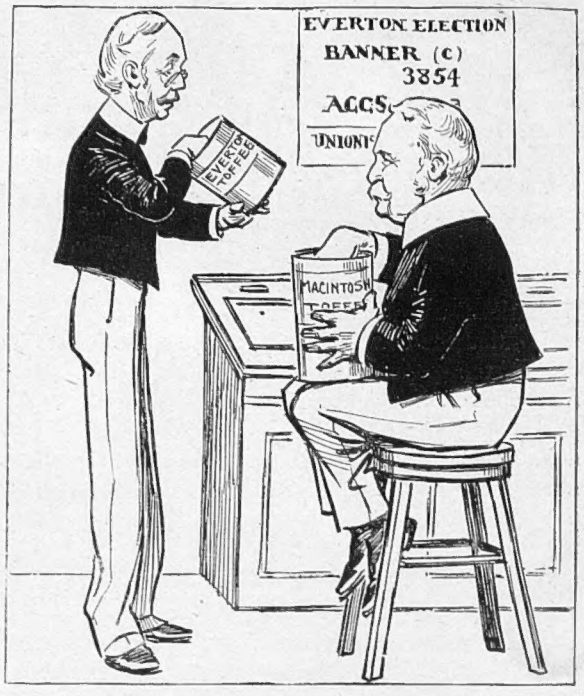
nation off whose coast he had been fighting, of the cheerful fact, well, all we can say is that they would defend anything. In future, if a bellicose Power engaged in war sees any craft which her Admiral may not like the look of, we take it she has a perfect right to fire on it. It seems somewhat funny, and it will need an alert fleet to protect merchantmen from the idiosyncracies of a nervous Admiral. We trust the amount of the damage Russia has to pay for her escapade—since this principle is admitted—will be sufficiently heavy to render her at least cautious.

* * *

We shall publish next week an article on the subject of the Torrey-Alexander Mission, written by a critic who has made something of a study of the gentlemen who are conducting it. Meantime, we observe a growing disposition on the part of a certain kind of intolerant minority to interfere with the pleasures of the public. The egregious Dr. Torrey recently attacked Sunday Golf. An English Divine, we regret to see, lamented the fact that in summer a certain number of young men and women, for the most part, went picnicing on the river on Sundays. Many other persons have been wallowing in the correspondence columns of the daily papers on the same subject.

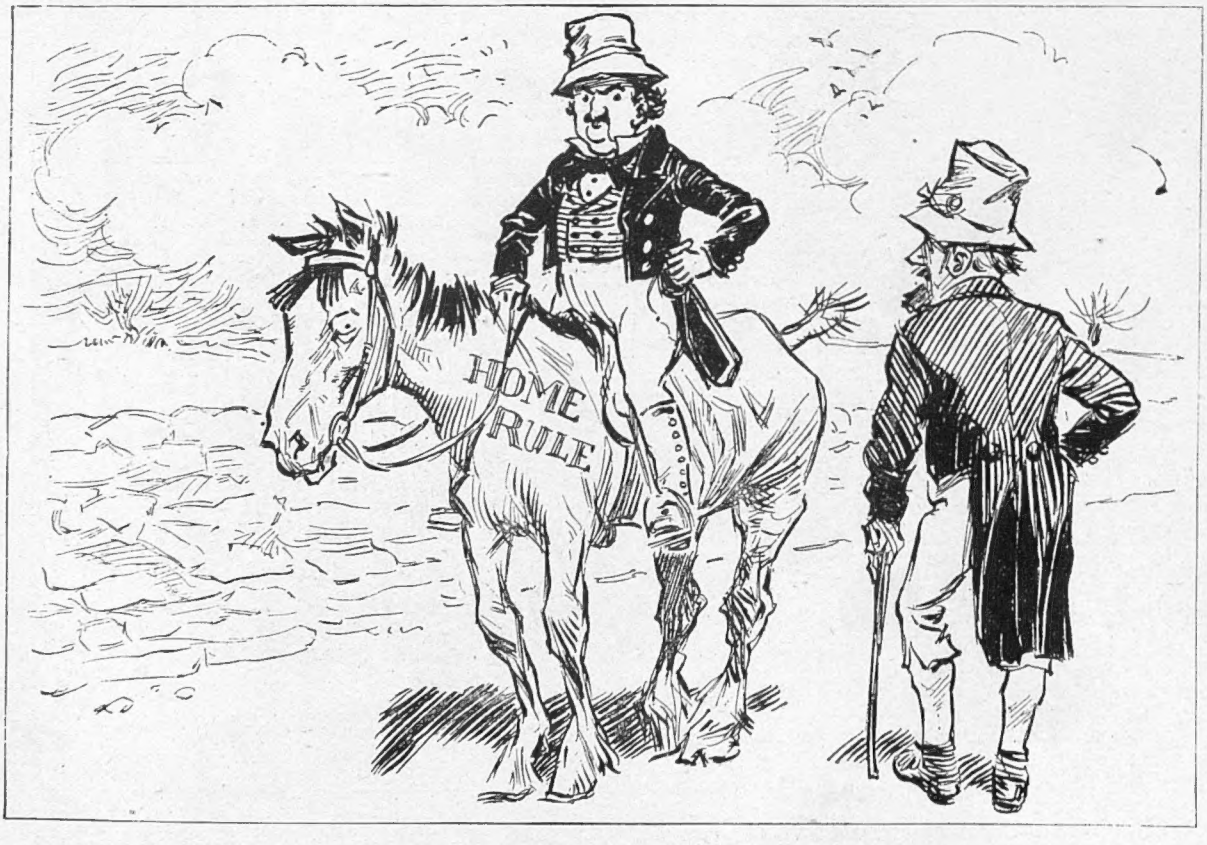
* * *

What we regret is the astonishing bigotry of it. Why should not anyone play golf on Sunday if he wishes to? Why should not others go a-motoring if it is to their taste? What on earth is their objection to those persons who like to boat on a Sunday? Prebendary Webb-Peploe, we believe, had some argument about its making other people work. We suggest, before talking about what he obviously does not understand, that he should go to a few river resorts and ask the large class of tradesmen and



Master Balfour: "Oh, ah! yours is all right, but give me Everton!"

(Mr. Macintosh recently presented each Member of the House of Commons with a tin of his toffee)



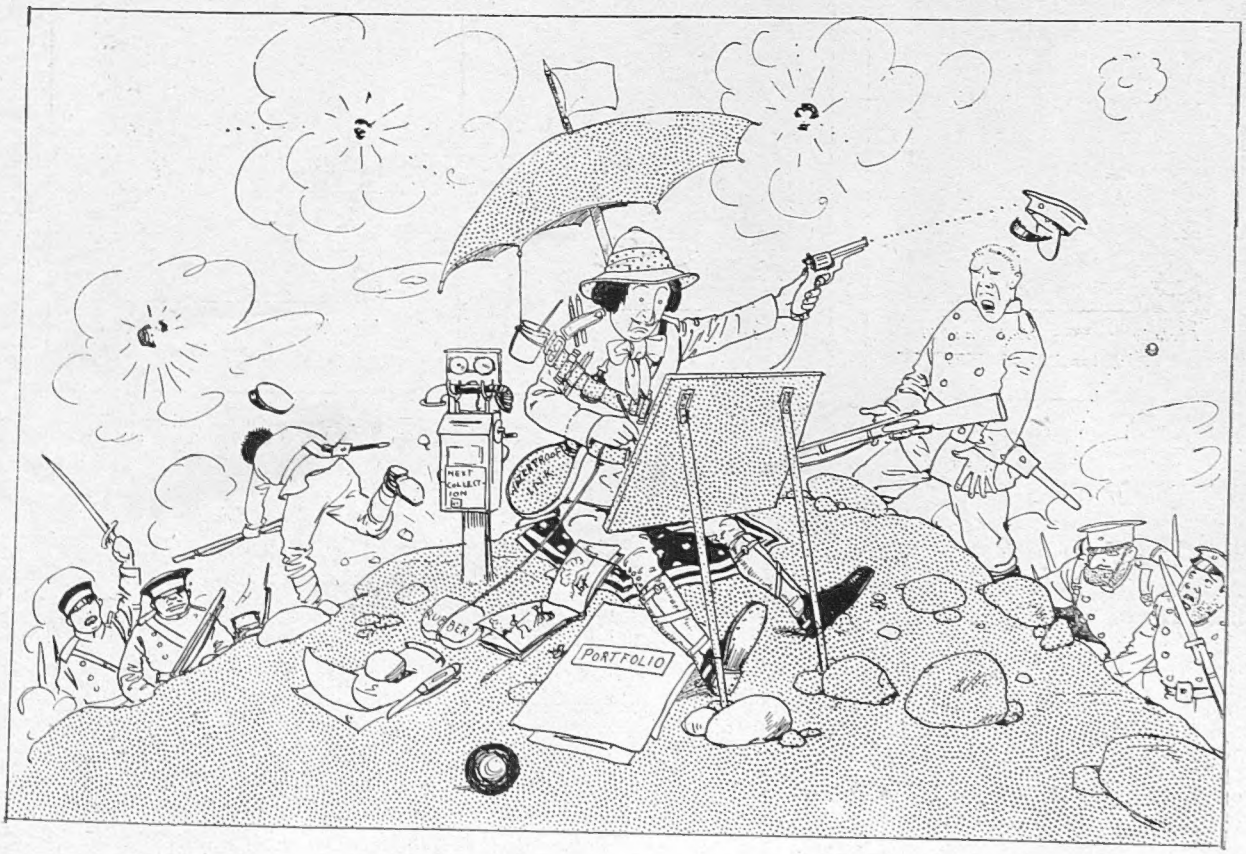
MR. JOHN REDMOND: "SIND 'IM TO THE KNACKERS? THIN WHAT SHOULD I DO FOR A RIDIN' HORRSE, BAD LUCK TO YE!"

boatbuilders what it would mean to them if the river were deserted on Sundays, in summer. The only logical standpoint of those who advocate a "perfect day of rest" on the Sunday is to eschew any and every kind of work. Cooking should be vetoed, the milkman should not be allowed to call, trains, trams, and omnibuses should be invisible, cabs should be prohibited to ply for fares, and, indeed, England should be a country of dormant vitality every seventh day. If you admit the necessity of cooking breakfast, you admit labour. If you have fresh milk with your tea, you admit labour. If you want to fill your churches and chapels with worshippers and you need some vehicles, you admit labour. These "Day of Rest" cranks, who take the literal meaning, cannot have it both ways.

* * *

No. For our part, interpreting the necessity of "rest" in another way, we rejoice at the growth of the broader spirit of looking at what is meant by "rest." To the busy man, cooped in the City all the week, his Sunday golf is, indeed, a relaxation and a rest. And so with other pastimes, for any and every change is "rest," and the more it is taken out of doors the healthier and better for humanity. The doctrine of the Open Air and Exercise is gradually becoming accepted with good results. Football, golf, cricket, tennis, and boating, to say nothing of motoring and cycling, may be seen everywhere now on Sundays, and those who have been converted to it from the old belief of lounging between church services feel all the better for it. We go so far as to say that a day spent under the canopy of Heaven, breathing the pure air, forms a bond which brings people infinitely nearer to the Creator than the somewhat Pharasaical fashion we have of going to church at certain hours, and under the most unsatisfactory hygienic conditions, bewailing sins many of us have not committed, and, in consequence, for which we have not the slightest repentance.

Fisherman: "If that there gent a' hiding behind you is in the right, what about us chaps in the future?"



"WE SHALL NEVER SEE HIS LIKE AGAIN"

Sir William Ingram, at a meeting of the shareholders of the *Illustrated London News*, said that the Special War Artist was doomed to extinction

PEOPLE OF THE HOUR

Sir Antony MacDonnell

It need scarcely be said that Sir Antony Patrick MacDonnell, G.C.S.I., who has been (not for the first time) the bone of such fierce contention in the House of Commons, is a son of "the only country that Irishman don't run"—their own. He has been Permanent Under Secretary for Ireland since 1902, on special terms (as we now know), and avowing himself a Roman Catholic, a Liberal in politics, and a man of strong Irish sympathies. Until lately he was also a member of the Council of India, whence Mr. Wyndham persuaded him to come over and help us. He was one of the ablest administrators in India, and managed the famine of 1897 as few men could have done it. Born in 1844, he entered the Indian Civil Service at twenty. He has been Chief Commissioner of Burmah, and of the Central Provinces; Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal; and afterwards of the North-West Provinces; also Home Secretary in the Government of India. It is whispered that Sir Antony MacDonnell may be appointed High Commissioner of South Africa, to succeed Lord Milner.

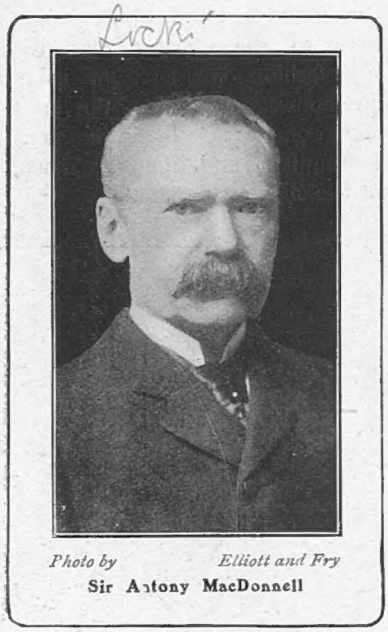


Photo by Elliott and Fry

Sir Antony MacDonnell

Who has been the central figure in the biggest sensation of the new Session, viz., his relations with the Chief Secretary in connection with Lord Dunraven and his Devolution scheme

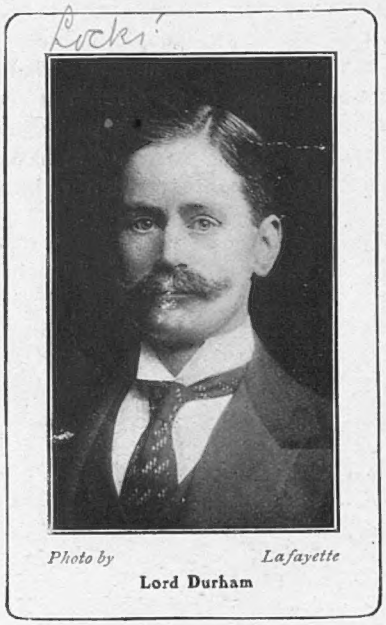


Photo by Lafayette

Lord Durham

Member of the Jockey Club, who is trying to bring forward a Bill to suppress certain racing advertisements in the newspapers

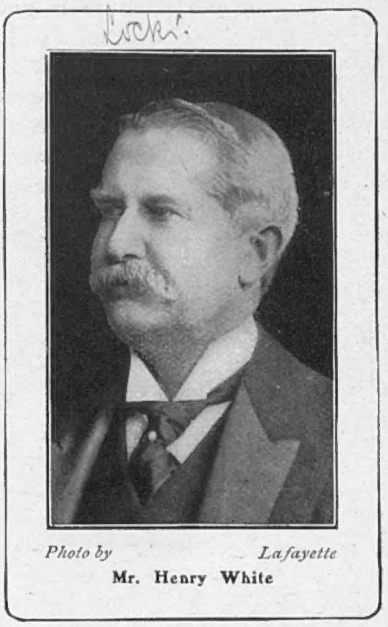


Photo by Lafayette

Mr. Henry White

First Secretary of the American Embassy in London, who has been appointed American Minister in Rome

Lord Durham v. Sporting Tipster

All real lovers of sport are cordially supporting Lord Durham's crusade for the abolition of the sporting tipster. "What," a Harrow boy was asked on one occasion, "is a tipstaff?" "A tipstaff," was the ready answer, "is a bounder you tip for telling you lies about racehorses." Although the young gentleman confused tipstaff with tipster, the description of the latter's business was a happy one. We believe Lord Durham puts his finger on the weak spot at once when he selects the "sporting tipster" as the cause of the degeneration of racing from a sport to a means of making (or losing) money without working for it. In this month's *Grand Magazine* he states his reasons for the suppression of the tipster by making such a calling illegal. These gentry prey on the most ignorant and the poorest classes of the community. They are no better than common swindlers. The "inside information" they profess to have is, in nine cases out of ten, mere pretence. Some of them are, it is true, receiving information from some stable or other, and then that means, as a rule, that they have succeeded in corrupting some stable hand. But, even if they do know that one particular horse is doing well in his trainer's opinion, the knowledge is rarely of value, for the tout cannot know privately the "form" of every other horse in a given race. But even if he were honest instead of being the rogue he is, the tipster would be responsible for a great deal of misery. The artisan and the labourer, if he were unable to obtain what he fondly believes are genuine "tips," would not put his hard-earned wages on a delusive chance, and there would be far less poverty of the lower classes, of which we hear so much, and less out-of-works. Lord Durham, if he carries his proposed Bill through Parliament to abolish tipsters' advertisements in the Press, will promulgate a wide and searching reform. The Earl is a twin, as our readers know, and though in his fiftieth year looks considerably younger.

Photo by *Deimer*

The Grand Duchess Elizabeth, widow of the ill-fated Grand Duke Sergius, who was assassinated in Moscow

The Grand Duchess is the second daughter of our own Princess Alice, and sister to the Tsaritsa

Hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain of England

A Significant Appointment

Congratulations to Mr. Henry White, the First Secretary of the United States Embassy, who has been appointed by President Roosevelt as Ambassador at Rome. There is something significant in the appointment, which has escaped most English papers. The President's predecessor, Mr. McKinley would never have dared to take a Secretary of Embassy and move him up to one of the plums of the American Diplomatic Service. Hitherto the posts in the Diplomatic Service of the United States have been looked on by supporters of the President as well-earned perquisites to be paid as the price of that support. It is but fair to add, however, that London—always an exiguous post—has been excepted from this unwritten rule. Former American Ambassadors, Ministers, and Secretaries, if we knew the *raison d'être* of their appointments, could be nearly always traced to some political service rendered to the President which he could not afford to ignore. To put it plainly, a kind of political blackmail. Mr. Roosevelt, however, has the advantage of being independent. He cares not one jot for the political boss, and the result is that the diplomatist from America, has been in the past a kind of social pariah among the "Corps" in various European capitals, owing to his ignorance, his want of *savoir faire*, and, in fact, to his lack of all those qualities that stamp a gentleman. Mr. White, in Rome, will be an acquisition that every American there will welcome.

Photo by *Lafayette*

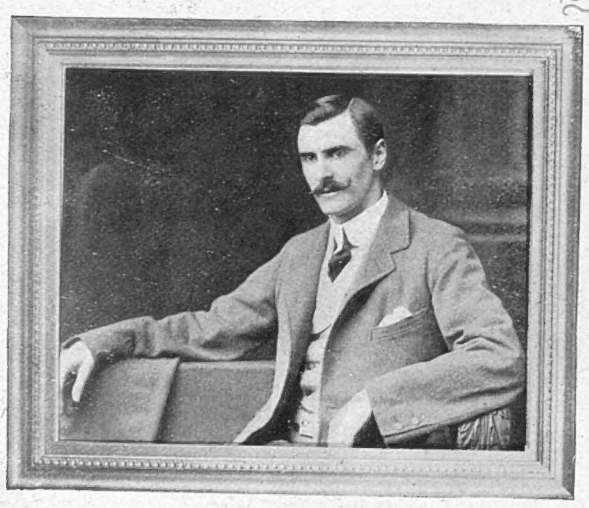
The Marquis of Cholmondeley

Hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain of England, an office which he holds jointly with the Earl of Ancaster and Earl Carrington

The late Grand Duke Sergius and his Wife

The ill-fated Grand Duke Sergius (writes a correspondent in St. Petersburg) had long held at Moscow a kind of vice-regal Court, a coveted post among the members of the Imperial Family, accompanied with many minor dignities and emoluments.

His wife, the gentle and sympathetic Grand Duchess Elizabeth, saw less of her sister, the Empress, than either of them had originally hoped. The Grand Duchess Elizabeth, second daughter of our own Princess Alice, was a favourite with the late Tsar, Alexander III., who expressed his hope that, among the German princesses eligible for elevation to the Russian throne, his son's choice may fall on "the sister of Elizabeth." The Grand Duke Sergius was, in public, the model



Photos by

Mr. Charles Rhys Wingfield

Third Secretary in the Diplomatic Service

Thomson

Miss Lucy Evelyn Fane

Daughter of the late Sir Edmund Fane, the distinguished diplomatist

AN INTERESTING WEDDING TO BE CELEBRATED MARCH 7

The Sailor-Inventor who Helped to Save Ladysmith

of a gallant and devoted husband. I have seen his tall figure slide across the ball-room and stoop to restore his wife's fan before those around her had remarked its fall, and regain his place with a gleam of white teeth that showed him well pleased at his own alacrity. But these displays deceived nobody, and it was an admitted fact that the Grand Duchess did not enjoy the same unclouded domestic bliss as her sister, the Tsaritsa. With no children of her own, she took upon herself the care of those of her brother-in-law, the Grand Duke Paul, who had early become a widower.

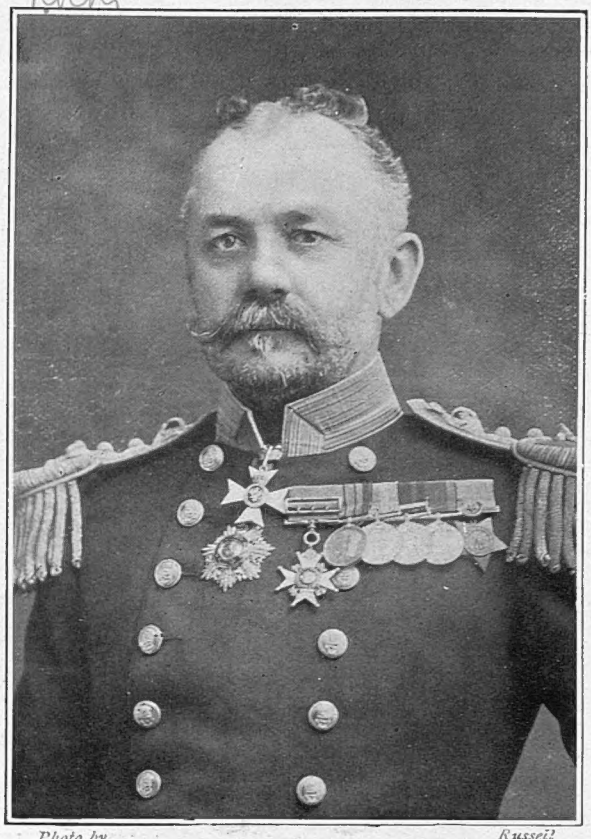


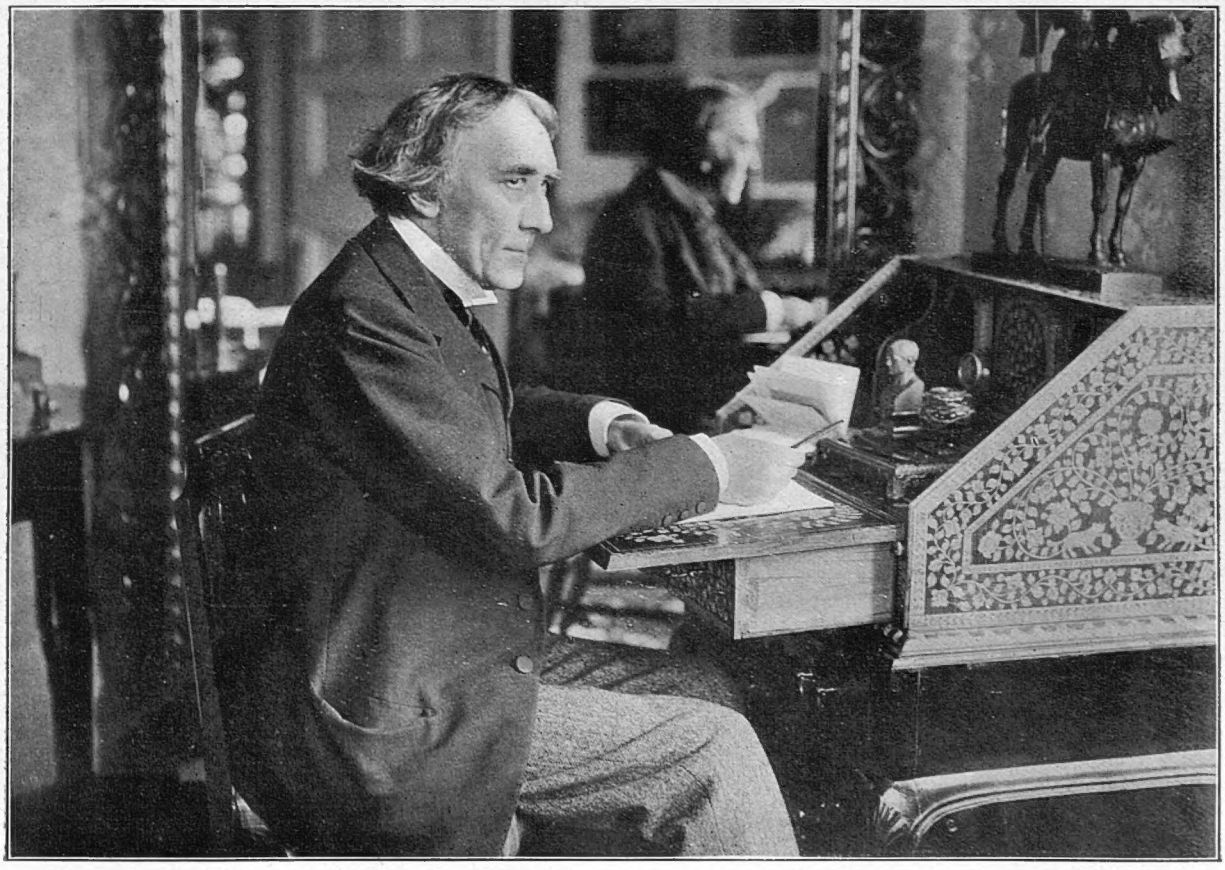
Photo by *Russell*

Captain Percy Scott, R.N.

Who has just been appointed Rear-Admiral

The Marquis of Cholmondeley

Heredity has played a curious prank with the Marquis of Cholmondeley. He is not one of those delighting in pomps and shows, and is best suited by the life of a country gentleman on his own acres: but he was born to come into his share of the hereditary Lord Great Chamberlainship of England, an office which he holds jointly with the Earl of Ancaster and Earl Carrington. It is an expensive post, and the salary of £4,500 a year is a very long way from covering the outgoings. The Marquisate is not a hundred years' old, although he is the fourth holder of it. The family is a very old one, the present Earl's ancestors being mentioned in Domesday Book. The second Earl was a famous soldier, and commanded the Horse Guards at the Battle of the Boyne.



The latest photograph of Sir Henry Irving

Friends and admirers of the distinguished actor learned with regret that the chill the veteran actor caught while travelling from Bath to Wolverhampton turned out more serious than was supposed to be the case. Sir Henry has been ordered by his doctors two months complete rest

"The Lady of Leeds" at Wyndham's

Captain Percy Scott, R.N.

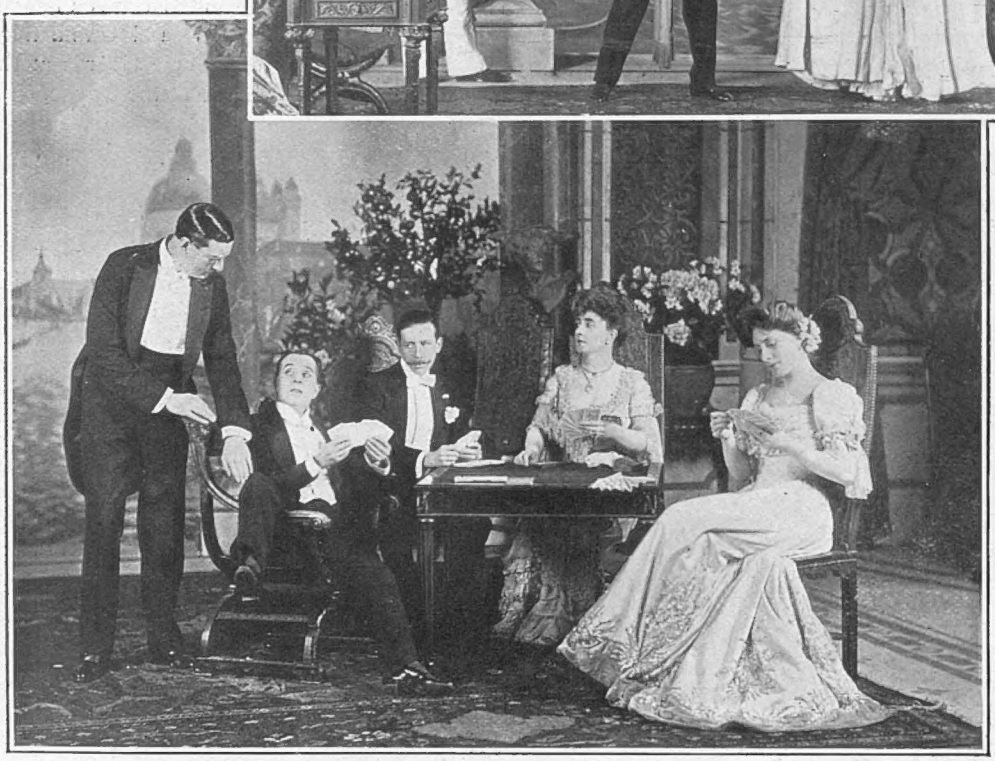
Captain Percy Scott, C.V.O., C.B., and also LL.D. (Cantab.), is the man who invented the gun-carriages for the big naval guns in the South African War. He has been in the public mind ever since, and all are delighted to hear of his elevation to Rear-Admiral's rank. Those guns, according to Sir George White's despatches, saved the situation at Ladysmith. Forty-one of them were used in the war, and several of them afterwards went up against the Boxers in China on the same carriages. This officer has invented many other things, including the night signalling apparatus now used in the Navy. He has campaigned in the Ashanti War, the Congo Expedition, and the Egyptian War, and has served on sundry important Committees. He is one of the handiest men in the Service.

An Interesting Wedding

A very interesting wedding of next week (March 7) is that of Miss Lucy Evelyn Fane and Mr. Charles Rhys Wingfield, which takes place at the Church of the Annunciation, in Bryanston Street. Miss Fane is the charming daughter of the late Sir Edmund Fane, the distinguished diplomat, who was Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Denmark. Mr. Charles Rhys Wingfield is also in the Diplomatic Service, and was at one time a Captain in the 7th Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers, (the City of London Regiment).

"The Lady of Leeds" at Wyndham's

Mr. Weedon Grossmith (the bogus Archduke) takes Miss Nancy Price, the millionairess, in a gondola on the canal at Venice, which venture is attended with disaster



"The Lady of Leeds" at Wyndham's

Mr. Weedon Grossmith, posing as an Archduke, joins in a game of bridge, of which he knows nothing, to the disgust of the other players

Photos by *Ellis and Walery*

Mr. C. M. Lowrie Mr. Vane Tempest Miss Nancy Price
Mr. Weedon Grossmith Miss Fortescue

Pretty Débutantes

AT THE LAST COURT

Miss Adinsell

Miss Rumsey

Miss Ramsey
Daughter of Sir William Ramsey

Miss Pound
Daughter of the Lord Mayor

Photos by *Lafayette*

RANDOM JOTTINGS

Peace Rumours

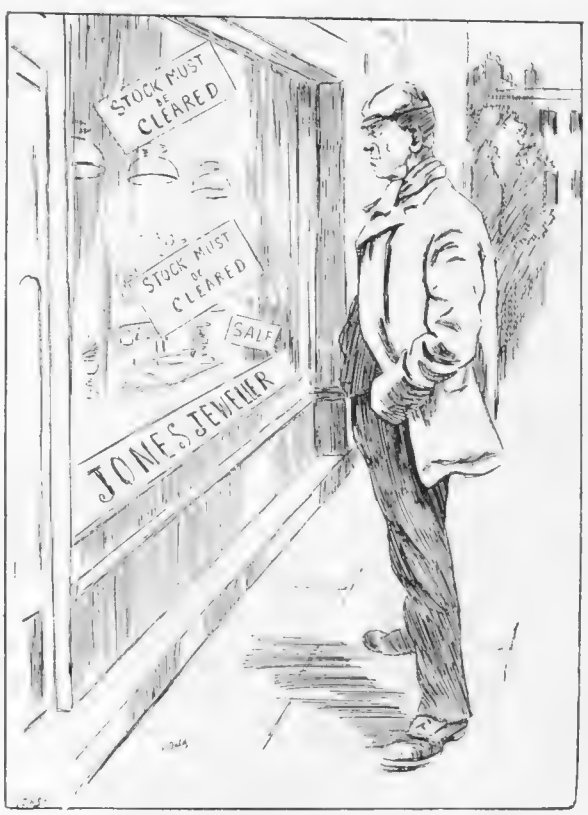
Peace between Russia and Japan has not yet been declared. Experts, however, are of opinion that the declaration cannot now be delayed for much longer than a month. There is so much competition among our half-penny papers.

Russia in Tooting

Miss Smith (reading): "The Tsar has taken what is likely to prove a prudent and popular step in calling the Zemstky Sobor." Mrs. Robinson (a determined anti-bureaucrat): Well, my dear, I daresay he has. But if I were a Zemstky, I shouldn't feel at all flattered, whatever a weak-minded man like the Tsar called me.

A Doctor of Laws

The University of Pennsylvania has conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws upon the Kaiser. "Dr. Wilhelm—as we must now call him"—writes our Berlin correspondent — "has earned this distinction by his learned researches into the law concerning *lèsé majesté*, of which he has always been an ardent champion. In other directions, he has generally abandoned precedent and been a law to himself."



Bill Sykes (loq.): "'Orl right, guvnor, I'll see abart it for yer"

A Consoling Thought

While the Admiralty is engaged in examining the various bulk-heads throughout the Navy, and their resisting capacity to water-pressure, some people may think that the Empire is in a comparatively defenceless state. It is as well, then, to note that Cape Colony has just established a new Navy Volunteer Corps. "Negotiations," says the *Daily Express*, "for the purpose of obtaining the use of an obsolete warship are already in progress."

Kensington Gardens of the Future

The *County Gentleman* thinks that a few Jersey cows would add greatly to the picturesqueness of our London Parks. If the suggestion is taken up by the authorities, we plainly foresee the following short scene taking place in Kensington Gardens:

SCENE: *Near the Round Pond. Nurse with perambulator snoozing under the elms. Two small children watching slow and thoughtful advance of Jersey cow.*

ETHEL (five): What can it be?

HAROLD (six): A Beef-horse, stupid. Nurse!

NURSE (*opening her eyes*): Well?

HAROLD: May we go and play with the Beef-horse, please?

NURSE: Play with the what? (*Catches sight of cow.*) Oh, lor, a bull! Come here, Master Harold; come here, Ethel. He'll toss yer, if ye don't. Help, help!

PARK-KEEPER (*running up*): What's the matter?

NURSE: The bull! 'He'll gore us—help!

PARK-KEEPER (*resignedly*): You're the thirteenth young woman to-day that has taken our new Jersey cow for a bull She wouldn't hurt a fly.

(*He is, nevertheless, compelled to wheel Nurse, perambulator, Harold, and Ethel, into a place of safety; and wonders mournfully—being an elderly man—if life, at this rate, is worth living.*)

Improving the Improvers

Any proposal by Sir W. B. Richmond deserves consideration. He is an artist, and a lover of London—a combination that some people think is rare. His latest plan is that the London County Council should have an "Improvements Reference Committee," which shall bring artistic knowledge and taste to bear upon the Council in matters involving permanent or constructive work.

Artists as Councillors

An Improvements Committee, pure and simple, such as at present holds the fate of the Strand in its hands, is not, it seems, good enough. It commits more than it improves. Its Chairman referred to a large number of Royal Academicians the other day as "faddists"—one of the very few charges that had not up to then been made against Royal Academicians. It has shown itself Philistine in many other ways. The Reference Committee would prevent these *faux pas*.

Consisting as it would, according to Sir W. B. Richmond, mostly of R.A.'s, it would be particularly careful to have nothing said against the Royal Academy which might be misconstrued. This would be a great gain.

Probable Results

But there is a difficulty. Probably there are several difficulties. The one that strikes us is this. Who would decide what works undertaken by the L.C.C. required the artists' assistance, and to what extent the artists should predominate in their designing? Take tram-cars. They might be built in the form of swans, and have their ceilings frescoed, like St. Paul's. The passenger's ticket might bear upon it the representation of some old master (from the Chantrey Collection) instead of an advertisement of soap. Artists would probably insist on something of the sort, if they had their way. The new Thames steamers would be supplanted by gondolas, and the London policeman reclothed, in the course of time, in some Florentine costume, calculated to allay the irritation of an artistic pickpocket. Pre-Raphaelite lamp-posts would supplant our present monstrosities, and one would hardly recognise the Doge-like creature who would unlock (with a silvern key) the Gothic chest in which one recently posted a letter to one's tailor. Only—the base material thought will out—what would the rates be?

A Side-light on Revival

A mournful note about the Revival in Wales has been sounded by a schoolmaster. It seems that the children at Bangor have been so affected by the movement, that the cane is no longer required in the schools. What is to be done? We hardly know. Every child, we imagine, will have to be given an award for good conduct, and the teachers will have to console themselves for their comparative inactivity as best they can. Perhaps there will be a re-action some day. The person who would seem most hardly hit by this state of affairs is the unfortunate manufacturer of canes. The best thing he can do is to join the Tariff Reform League. A really ruined industrialist would be an acquisition.

A Short History of Army Reform

(1)

Army normal—
Cordite lacking.
Campbell-Bannerman
Sent packing.

(2)

Enter Lansdowne—
Boers too wary—
Foreign Office
Secretary.

(3)

German system—
By some odd trick—
Army Corps vanish—
So does Brodrick.

(4)

Country defenceless—
Won't stand trifling.
Arnold-Forster—
Shortens rifling!

Latest View of England

The Anti-Speed Motor Society—or was it the Anti-Motor Speed Society?—is to be merged in the Highways Protection Society. The projector of the A.S.M.S. (or A.M.S.S., whichever it was to have been) finds that the larger Society has similar objects, and he advises "anyone who wishes to prevent our country-side from becoming one vast scorching track" to join it. Noble advice—if put, perhaps, a little too rhetorically! For there is still a quiet lane or two to be found in our distracted country. But it is difficult to be Anti-anything, and, at the same time, quite, quite, imperturbable.

Photo by *Rouch*

Moifaa, the new "steeplechaser" just purchased by the King

Moifaa won the Grand National Steeplechase last year, and is favourite for the great chasing event at Aintree next month. The new steeplechaser has been purchased from the Australian sportsman, Mr. Spencer Gollan

A Country Crichton

A gentleman, anxious to contribute to the Press, recently set forth his claim in the advertisement columns of a contemporary with a fine comprehensiveness:

UNIVERSITY MAN would undertake regular literary work on any of the following subjects: Wild Nature, The Garden, All Field Sports, Current Literature, Topics of the Day (Social and Political), Dress for Men, Poultry, Bees, and Pets in General, and the Care and General Management of Game Preserves; or would undertake to write a weekly column of Notes under the heading of: Women in the Field of Sport, Women in the Business or Political World, or Women and Matters of the Moment.

Yet there are still people who say that a 'Varsity education is a farce.

Mr. W. Graham Browne
(Hon. Otho Dursingham)

AT THE AVENUE THEATRE

"MR. HOPKINSON"

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

Mr. James Welch
(Mr. Hopkinson)

At the Avenue Theatre

So many pieces have, of late, turned up at the "Lost Luggage" office, through incorrect labelling, that it is a pleasure to record the safe arrival of *Mr. Hopkinson*, farce, at the welcome bourne of success. The label "farce" has all the value of registration. If any little mistake in delivery be made, the sender can put in a claim for the value of his package.

This simile is not brought forward in order to discount the value of Mr. R. C. Carton's new piece; for it is a farce of the merriest order. But so many hard things have been said of plays labelled "comedy"; so many references made to life, many emotions, and a few morals, that it is meet to acknowledge the safe convoy of a little piece to the goal for which it was intended.

In Mr. Hopkinson, and in his associates, we greet very familiar types. We have met the Duke and Duchess (on the stage) more often, perhaps, than they are accustomed to meet each other; we have encountered (on the stage) the valetudinarian peer; an "honourable" who thinks it worth his while to take under his wing a wealthy vulgarian has not (on the stage) escaped our notice; while there are few but must have run up against (on the stage) the young lady of social position fishing for a wealthy husband; and the "young person" who has kept the letters and remembered the promises of her admirer when he was vulgar without being wealthy.

The members of this formidable visiting list all make a call on the same evening, and provide all the entertainment which is to be derived from contrasting types.

Humorous exaggeration is the keynote of this most diverting piece. One and all of the characters are modelled on the lines of gross caricature. The players enter heartily into the spirit of the piece. Just as Mr. Welch "lays it on thick" as the outrageously vulgar Hopkinson, so does Miss Compton exaggerate the laughable characteristics of the preposterous Duchess of Braceborough. On similar lines are the parts played by Mr. Frederick Kerr as the Duke, Miss Annie Hughes as the "young person," Mr. Henry Kemble as the choleric peer, but partially recovered from the effects of a sea voyage.

The bare enumeration of the cast is all that it requires in the way of recommendation. Rarely has such an aggregation of capable players been imbued with such an unanimous spirit.

Great praise is due to Mr. Athol Stuart and Miss Ellen O'Malley for steering clear of the dangerous waters of sentiment. Less skilful players might have caught at chances which occasionally cropped up for reading into situations a depth of feeling which might have jeopardised the fortunes of the play. The piece is good honest farce, and any attempt to alter the label might have resulted in non-delivery. Miss Compton, as the Duchess, is seen at her very best. She possesses, in a remarkable degree, the faculty of employing her own deliberate *tempo* without any effect upon the quick action of the piece. To use professional parlance, she never lets a scene down by dragging her own part. Her personality is so dominating as to fill in the "rests." She is always deliberate, and her provoking coolness acts as a spur rather than as a check upon the general action.

Mr. Athol Stuart
(Lord Gawthorpe)
Who marries Lady Thyra

Miss Ellen O'Malley
(Lady Thyra)
Intended to marry Mr. Hopkinson

Pretty Actresses and Ugly Make-ups

'Op o' Me Thumb—that lovable, laughable, little morsel of humanity created by Messrs. Frederick Fenn and Richard Pryce—has taken New York by storm. The great little Maude Adams, who is

appearing in the part, is credited with having sounded depths of emotion of which her most sincere admirers believed her incapable. She is the recipient of hearty congratulations by the critics for having so successfully sunk her identity in that of Amanda Afflick. "Credit for extreme courage must be given Maude Adams," writes one authority, "in throwing to the winds every fragment of comeliness, and making herself the dull, drab, insignificant bit of workhouse humanity." "Long life to 'em," concludes another notice of the work of the two English playwrights, a sentiment which will be heartily echoed on this side of the water. The eulogy on the play needs no comment. New York is merely endorsing the unanimous verdict of London. The eulogy on the actress, however, strikes rather a significant note. Whenever an opportunity is afforded an actress of playing a part on unbecoming character lines, necessitating an ugly "make-up," at once she is lauded to the skies for the sacrifice she is making. One has only to remember the comments on the performance of Miss Lena Ashwell in *The Resurrection*; on Miss Nancy Price in *The Conversion of Nat Sturge*. Instances might be multiplied. No matter what gain to the player by this sacrifice. She may even, as in the case of Maude Adams, apparently, gain a rôle which acts as a searchlight upon hidden depths of talent.

Mr. Henry Kemble
(Earl of Addleton)

Miss Annie Hughes **Mr. James Welch**
(The "Young Person" and Mr. Hopkinson)

Miss Compton
(Duchess of Braceborough)

Due insistence is made, nevertheless, upon the heavy price she has to pay, viz., the temporary masking of personal comeliness.

Feminine objection to looking a fright is more than excusable; it is praiseworthy. But in the case of an actress, the sacrifice is little compared with the gain of interpreting such a rôle, say, as "'Op o' Me Thumb." I do not wish to be misunderstood. It is not the actress who cries out against the sacrifice. Maude Adams, and her sisters in art, are very cheerful about concealing their identity when opportunity offers. It is the critics who, by talking loudly of sacrifice, force the players into too much reliance upon their own personality. There is too much personality of the wrong sort on the English stage to-day. When an actress breaks away from her normal personality, with which she has invested a round of rôles, and impersonates a totally different character, she can be praised for the manner in which she plays it without raising the everlasting cry of sacrifice. One would imagine, from the repetition of this parrot cry, that change of identity in a feminine player was a species of juggling trick, and not the very root and branch of the art of acting.

E. C. S.

Where Shall We Go To-Night?

"The Bystander" Theatre Guide

His Majesty's Theatre: *Much Ado About Nothing.*—No playgoer should miss a Tree production.

Imperial Theatre, 8.15: *King Henry V.*—Mollison's Pistol a masterpiece of humour. Stirring all-round production.

Adelphi Theatre, 8.20: *The Taming of the Shrew.*—Reached 100-night mark. Ruin not now spelt S-h-a-k —, etc.

Haymarket Theatre, 9: *Beauty and the Barge.*—I've seen it twice. How many times have you?

Criterion Theatre, 9: *Freedom of Suzanne.*—Marie Tempest tells a merry tale.

New Theatre, 8.15: *The Scarlet Pimpernel.*—"The long arm of coincidence," pretty clothes, French fugitives, and general excitement.

Garrick Theatre, 8.30: *The Walls of Jericho.*—The play that made Sutro's reputation.

St. James's Theatre, 8.30 and 9: *A Maker of Men* and *Mollentrave on Women.*—The latter in Sutro's earlier manner. Eric Lewis, magician of the show.

Royalty Theatre, 8.30: *The Dip omatists* and *A Case of Arson.*—Be sure not to be too late to see Henry de Vries in his remarkable series of impersonations.

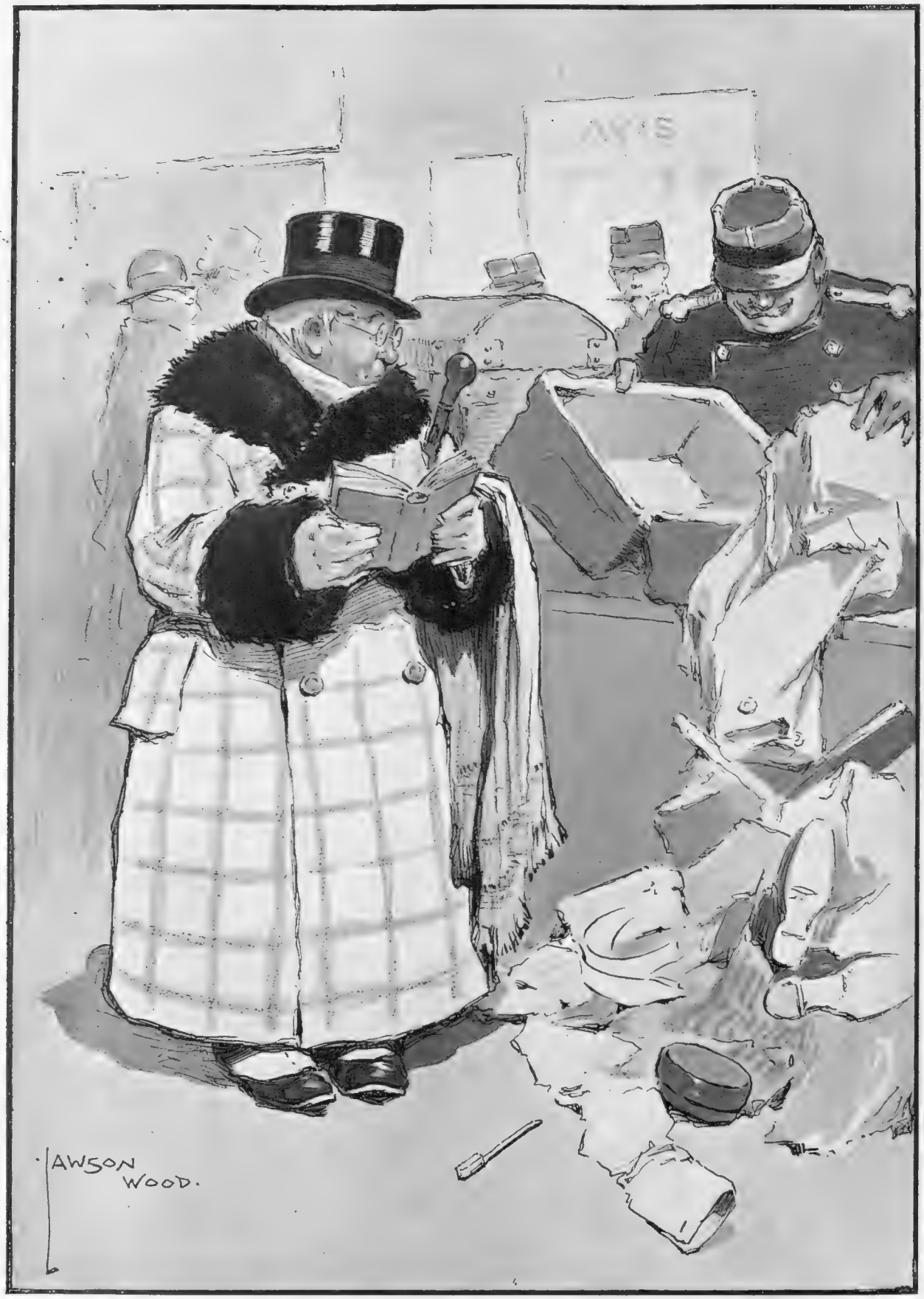
Duke of York's Theatre, 2.30 and 8.30.—Gera'd du Maurier a most amusing Pirate Chief. The flying scene still causing ecstasy among the children.

Drury Lane, 7.30: *The White Cat.*—Has survived the indignity of being painted black.

Wyndham's Theatre, 9: *The Lady of Leeds.*—A farcical romance—more farcical than romantic. Weedon Grossmith and Nancy Price keep the fun rolling.

Light opera at Apollo. Musical comedy successes at Daly's, Vaudeville, Gaiety, Prince of Wales', Strand, Lyric. Take them in order.

MR. BIFF'S TRAVELS WITH A GUIDE-BOOK



No. I.—AT THE DOUANE IN PARIS

"I can't see this mentioned in the Guide-Book. I suppose he'll put 'em all back again"

(The illustrations on these two pages mark the opening chapters of a remarkable series of adventures in foreign lands, which befel Mr. Biff. That great traveller was the first to recognise the potentialities of the modern guide-book as a weapon of

MR. BIFF'S TRAVELS WITH A GUIDE-BOOK

No. II.—AT A PARIS CAFÉ

"I must read this up in the Guide-Book when I get home"

offence and defence. How he surmounted the misadventures of travel by the aid of this invaluable guide-book, it will be the province of the well-known artist, Mr. Lawson Wood, to represent week by week in the pages of THE BYSTANDER.)

FROM ABROAD.

THE FRENCH FISHERS OF THE ICELAND SEAS

Despite all the efforts of M. Combes, France is likely to remain a land of picturesque religious ceremonies, and few of the quaint customs, which at all seasons add to the interest of travel in that favoured country, are so beautiful or meaningful as "The Benediction of the Fishers," which takes place about this time every year at the little coast town of Paimpol, in the north of Brittany, immortalised by M. Pierre Loti in, perhaps, the finest of all his novels, "Pecheur d'Islande," that moving romance of the Iceland fisheries. Most of the male inhabitants of Paimpol and the surrounding villages are engaged in the perilous business of fishing the Iceland seas, and at the end of every winter their fleet sets out for its long voyage, returning again in the autumn, so that these fishermen pass their lives without ever seeing a summer in their own land. The ceremony of blessing the fleet, of which we give a photograph, is thus described by Pierre Loti in his charming story:

For the day of the fête, an altar, always the same, was set up on the quay, in the shape of a rocky grotto, and in the midst, surrounded by trophies of anchors, oars, and nets, was enthroned, sweet and impassive, the Virgin, patron of the sailors, brought forth of her church for the occasion, looking from generation to generation with the same sweet and impassive eyes, upon those happy ones for whom the season is going to be good—and those others, who will not come back. The Holy Sacrament, followed by a slow procession of wives and mothers, of sweethearts and sisters, made the round of the port, where the fishing vessels, decked with flags, saluted the tabernacle (containing the sacrament) as it passed. The priest stopped before each of the boats, spoke a few words, and raised his hands in blessing. Afterwards, the vessels sailed away, leaving the place almost empty of husbands, lovers, and sons. As they departed, the crews sang together, in full thrilling voices, the hymns of Mary, Star of the Sea.

For generations this beautiful and picturesque ceremony has been honoured in precisely the same way as it is observed to-day.

The Benediction of the Breton Fishing Fleet at Paimpol, Brittany, before it sets out for the Iceland seas

M. Pierre Loti's famous novel, "Pecheur d'Islande," deals with the lives of these Breton fishers

King Petrol in Egypt

"For east is east and west is west, And never the twain shall meet," sang Mr. Kipling; and the deeper significance of his lines has again been brought out at Assouan, where an explosion recently occurred at the Cataract Hotel, Assouan, and resulted in the death of four natives, and the wrecking of all the electrical plant in the building. The Egyptian fellah has at last come into contact with petrol—mysterious, inexorable petrol. He has faced death by sword and famine, and has met it with the philosophic calm which distinguishes his race, but it is an incomprehensible mystery to him that death should lurk in apparent nothingness—that four men should be killed because one simply tried to pour a liquid, called petrol, into an engine while it was running. But not even the remorseless march of modern progress can long disturb the inbred fatalism of the Fellaheen, who will continue to meet it with the accustomed "Kismet." During the last few years, Assouan, which stands at the foot of the First Cataract on the Nile, has become a famous resort for invalids, owing to its regular sunshine and the extreme dryness of the prevailing west wind, which reaches the town after passing over hundreds of miles of desert. The "sights" at Assouan are sneered at by the professional Egyptologist, and the appearance of the town from the river is distinctly European, save for the few minarets which stand out against the sky. Yet Assouan, though lacking in objects of the remotest antiquity, is the site of the famous Philae Temples, and of the great Nile Dam, which, when it has been in operation long enough for its full effects to be felt, is estimated to increase the crops of the country nearly tenfold. One of our illustrations shows the burial of the unfortunate natives killed in the explosion at the Cataract Hotel. An Egyptian funeral procession, though interesting, is a depressing sight. In front walk six poor men, mostly blind, who chant a Mohammadan dirge; then comes the relatives, followed by some schoolboys, one of whom carries a copy of the Koran, covered with a cloth. Always the Egyptian is laid in the vault on his right side, with his face turned towards Mecca.

Egyptian women mourners at the funeral of the natives killed in the explosion at Assouan

Only the women at a funeral wear mourning, and these simply dye their garments with indigo as a sign of grief

Egyptian natives hauling a new engine to replace the one wrecked in the explosion at the Cataract Hotel

CONCERNING SIR FRANCIS JEUNE

(NO. 65 OF THE SERIES)

Baxter, Rose, and Norton were in the enviable position of being solicitors for the Tichborne Claimant. Mr. Francis Henry Jeune, of the Inner Temple, barrister-at-law, and son of the Bishop of Peterborough, was favourably known to that eminent firm, which had provided him with work in registration cases, and liked his style—a feeling about him that soon became general. Without much difficulty he was prevailed upon to undertake an important task on behalf of the man-mountain. As it was put in an epigram current at the Bar:

We'll prove (said Baxter,
Rose, and Norton),
The Claimant isn't Arthur
Orton.
They've only proved what's
less important,
That he has said what
Arthur oughtn't.

HAROLD BIRD

The Ex-President of the Divorce Court

In search of such proof, Mr. Jeune sailed away to Australia, there to collect evidence on commission which should establish that the Claimant "wasn't." Apart from the emoluments thereto attached, the work cannot have been very encouraging. After his return, bringing his sheaves with him, Mr. Jeune was briefed as junior counsel for the ponderous Arthur, and took his place in that little army of Tichborne lawyers, which included such men as Bowen, Coleridge, Giffard, and Hawkins; of whom only the present Lord Chancellor, a man by seventeen years his senior, has stayed him out upon the Bench.

Familiar as he was from childhood with that department of Church affairs in which some small element of worldliness subsists, he naturally was attracted to the sphere of ecclesiastical practice at the Bar. For many years he was the *homme nécessaire* in those imposing Church causes which last so long, pay so well, and make so little difference to anybody except the men of law engaged in them. He was in them all, from "Martin and Mackonochie" to the Bishop of Lincoln's case. St. Alban's, Holborn, was a steady source of income to him for a considerable period. He was among those who succeeded in establishing for all time the principle that the chancel of Arundel parish church belongs to the Duke of Norfolk. He held the Chancellorship in seven episcopal courts, and was Commissary of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster. He sat on the Royal Commissions on Ecclesiastical Patronage, on Ecclesiastical Courts, and on Ecclesiastical Discipline. Evidently he must have known all about it.

Jeune was always considered a fortunate man. At Baliol he had been brilliant, duly obtaining his two Firsts, his Stanhope, his Arnold, and his fellowship—which was at Hertford. Fifteen years later, in the full tide of his success at the Bar, he married one of the most notable women in England, who was then, as she is to-day, a famous hostess and a powerful influence in society. Some toll of sorrow, however, has to be paid by most men. His recent retirement from the Bench at a time when his powers seemed at their fullest was forced upon him, after a long struggle, by an illness he could not subdue; and the great misfortune of his life fell upon him last year at the death of his only son.

As a President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division he will long be remembered. He was a Judge in the Division but a short time, and he more than justified Lord Halsbury's rather unexpected selection of him. For fourteen years he has presided over the Court with a dignity that more than made up for the deficiency in that quality, noticeable in several of his colleagues of the not particularly imposing Bench that administers the law to-day. His retirement deprives the Bench of its only beard, and of one of its few single eyeglasses. He has seen a great growth of the nastiest branch of litigation, and he has done his best to maintain the high traditions of English courts of justice in the new and foul atmosphere of divorce practice. He is still, it is understood, retaining his post of Judge Advocate-General, and may be expected to do sterling work on the Privy Council Committee. It is said that he will take his title from St. Heliers, in Jersey.

OUR SHORT STORY

LETTY'S FRIEND

(A PARTLY TRUE STORY)

By MAJOR C. G. MATSON

Alan Buchanan, a major in the Irregular Cavalry, and his wife, Letty, were on leave from India, having just been married, and were staying in her father's house, where she had all her wedding presents; amongst them a diamond necklace, given to the bride by her uncle, which was worth about fifteen hundred pounds, and well it looked round her slender throat when she wore her wedding gown. Her father, Colonel Alexander, was a comfortable country squire, farming his own land, breeding a horse or two, taking life easily, keeping open house for his sons and daughters-in-law, and preserving an open mind on all things generally, save and excepting motor-cars, which he loathed with a deadly hatred to which no words could do justice, and with a depth of passion which is as a rule only found in retired military men, especially in those of the higher ranks, as one may observe any day in the columns of the daily papers.

It was just an ordinary family party, Letty and Alan, Nell and her husband, Billy Williams, who "jobs" in some "market" or other, and jobs to some tune too, apparently (a capital man, Billy, but a terror to sit up with in the smoking-room, where he spun yarns till long after midnight); Letty's great chum and old school friend, Joan Ogilvie by name, a fine handsome Scots lassie, with dark hair, black eyes, and a complexion of roses and cream, and who was possessed of that peculiar vivacious attractiveness, which, for lack of any definite name, is generally expressed by the one word "charm." One could not say that she was "beautiful," but Joan was a girl who always would attract attention in any situation in which she might find herself, and having travelled a good deal in America, had all that frankness of speech and "downrightness" of manner which are by no means the least among the many delightful attributes which make the fair daughters of Uncle Sam so popular in England. Although Scotch in descent on her father's side, her mother, now long dead, was a Spaniard, and from her the daughter inherited the full, curved lips, the flashing eyes, which, when stirred by a passing emotion, seemed to light up from some smouldering flame, till in their depths they resembled more than anything a lake of fire. The sweet, low forehead, and, more than anything else, the thin nostrils of the delicately formed nose, showed even a trace of the blood of the old Conquerors of Spain—the Moors. To look at her, one would imagine her to be a girl in whom a proper womanly pride held the upper hand; one who respected herself, and made all others respect her in consequence; quiet and self-contained, yet capable of the strongest feelings, a feminine product of modern civilisation, who, on occasion, would love, perhaps, like a demon—never like a fool.

The other member of the party was a brother officer of Alan's, a certain Captain Walker, nicknamed, as are most Walkers in the Army, "Hooky" (his proper name being Augustus). Hooky Walker was one of those drawling, languid-mannered sort of men so often met with nowadays, and who give to all but their intimate friends the idea that their dominant characteristic is a sort of harmless vacuity, but who, beneath a somewhat vacant exterior, conceal much shrewdness of intellect, together with real goodness of heart. A popular man, both in his regiment and in the great world of women, was "Hooky," and Joan and he found much to talk about of mutual interest.

Letty had lost sight of Joan for about a year, as she had been abroad with her mother, travelling in the South of France, so she said.

Letty and Alan knew that they only had six weeks clear at home, so made the best of it. Shooting pretty regularly together, with an occasional day with the hounds, and driving round the countryside to see old friends, made the time pass all too quickly. Joan and Letty usually went out together, as they had so much to say after their long separation, in the smart Ralli Car which was always at Letty's disposal; never were two such inseparables, and all went as merry as a marriage bell—until the crash came.

One evening, when Alan was getting ready for dinner, Letty burst into his dressing-room, breathless with excitement, announcing that her necklace was missing. They both searched for it everywhere, but it had evidently been stolen, so advising his wife to say nothing, Alan laid the matter before the Colonel. He also thought it wiser to keep the matter perfectly quiet, but telegraphed to Scotland Yard, and next evening a new, soft-spoken, clean-shaven footman was waiting at table. Time wore on, and on the ladies retiring, the Colonel laughingly said to Joan, "Come and have your cigarette with us in the smoking-room." This was odd of him, as he rather discouraged smoking in the fairer sex, but Joan joined the men. The others were Billy, Hooky, the Colonel, and Letty's husband. Joan lit her cigarette, and was lazily puffing it in the depths of a low chair by the fire, and for a moment or two nothing disturbed the ticking of the clock but the entry of the new footman with a tray. This he put carefully down, and, looking at Joan, quietly said, "Has Mrs. Anstruther anything to do with this?" Joan slowly rose and looked at him, her face white, rigid, tense, her lovely mouth

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drooping, and her glorious eyes flaming like coals of fire. She said never a word, stared at the footman for what seemed to be fully a minute, and then as quickly resumed her seat—and the footman spoke. "I am afraid that I know Miss Ogilvie. She was at Monte Carlo last year with a man called Howard Anstruther, who was well known to the Continental police, and to whom she was married. He was wanted for many misdemeanours, and was eventually arrested by the Dutch Secret Service at Amsterdam, whence I fetched him. He got fifteen years, but died in prison soon after his trial."

Alan sat tight, waiting for the drama to play itself out. Hooky flicked the ash off his cigarette, the Colonel softly murmured, "Is this true, Miss Ogilvie," and Billy merely breathed hard.

Then the girl spoke—Letty's greatest friend, as she was, most beautiful to look at—a lady, seemingly, to her finger tips, and in every sense of the word, to both men and women a perfectly charming creature. Alan wondered *what* lay behind that face of youth and loveliness, *what* strange revelation was forthcoming from the mouth of this young gentlewoman, who, as his own wife often said, was "her dearest pal."

"Partly true," she said. "I was married secretly to Howard Anstruther, but I found that he had been married not only to another, but to more than one, and was married still, so I left him. My baby is only a few months old. I am absolutely penniless. I cannot work, no one would give me any, nor am I strong enough. I racked my brain to know *what* I was to do. Suicide was much the easiest, but impossible—I had my child. What is the other alternative for a woman? Worse, ten thousand times. Just then, as Letty knows, I met her quite by chance, and she asked me to stay here. What was I to do on the day that my visit came to an end? I saw Letty's necklace, worth at least a thousand pounds. It meant to me years of freedom from the most appalling anxiety, the depth of which none of you here, in this room, can ever know, or even dream of; you are men, I am only a woman. I am ready to pay the penalty," and she held out her slim wrists for the handcuffs which, poor soul, she imagined must form part of her punishment. But even at this moment, alone in the room with the five men as she was, her courage never deserted her; no tears were in her eyes. Having done this shameful act, abused the hospitality of Letty's father, having disgraced herself apparently beyond the possibility of redemption, she did the only thing that was to be done; as she had sinned—for the sake of her child—so, when she was found out, she faced the music. And the men—of what were they thinking?

All "gentlemen," all men of the world—she who had been so cruelly used by a man—who was to throw the first stone at her? Moreover, she was a gentlewoman; there was no mistaking that. She was under the Colonel's roof; he was bound to protect her, if even from herself. Alan, loving Letty as he did, imagined his wife's friend could not really be a thief. Men and women "In Society" do not *do* these things; such crimes are perpetrated by beings of whom we read in the papers, but never see. Nevertheless, he was greatly perturbed.

Hooky felt that there was more in the drama than met the eye, and, on the spot, determined to probe, if possible, the matter to the bottom. Joan and he were quite friends—why could she not have confided in him? Yet, no sooner had the thought passed through his brain, than he recognised the impossibility of such a course for her. In any matter of a similar nature it is impossible for a woman to lay open the secrets of her heart to any man, except to her acknowledged lover, and not even to him unless she feels intuitively that he is strong enough, and sympaththetic enough, to take the whole of the trouble on his broad back, and make it his own. Hooky had no claim on her, nor she on him; he could have done nothing for her in the past, but he registered a mental resolution to see the matter through, and to try to prove himself to be, to this unprotected, helpless girl, a real friend, and to fight her battle for her, if such a course proved to be possible.

The detective gazed at the fire, then absently mixed himself a modest "peg," and, after having refreshed himself, also spoke.

"Well, Colonel, what are you going to do? If you give her in charge she is my prisoner, and will get at least twelve months; if you want to avoid a scandal, I can escort her back to London by the early morning train, before anyone is up."

"I think, perhaps, that will be best," said the master of the house. "Would you mind giving me the necklace, Miss Ogilvie?"

The girl took it from her pocket, handed it to him, and quietly left the room, and next morning she was gone. From that time Letty had lost all trace of her friend, although she and her husband had together determined to help her, if she could be found.

. . . .

Let us carry on the story for some years to learn what eventually became of Joan.

Last Wednesday fortnight, as Alan Buchanan was comfortably settling himself into a corner seat of a first-class carriage of the five o'clock express from Waterloo, he saw Walker bustling along the platform, evidently looking for a place in the same train. Putting his head out of the window, he sang out lustily, "Hooky—hi—Hooky," and the train started with the two comrades, who were more than delighted to meet one another again.

"What the deuce are you doing here?" said Captain Walker. "I thought you were at Ahmedabad."

"So I was a month ago," replied Buchanan, "but I had three months' 'privilege' leave due, and I thought it a good idea just to run home with Letty and have a look round—moreover, an old uncle of mine has left me pretty well off now, and so I don't intend to stay in India for ever—put in fifteen years, as it is—enough for me."

"I expect you find a run home like this comes pretty expensive, doesn't it?"

"About three hundred—but it's well worth it, if only to see the old people at Christmas; besides, as Letty says, what on earth is the use of having it if you don't slap it about?—and——"

"Very sensible, I'm sure; and how *is* the Mem-Sahib? Please give her my very kindest regards. I

She said never a word, stared at the footman for what seemed to be fully a minute, and then as quickly resumed her seat

wonder if she has forgotten that Christmas four years ago?"

"Not likely to," said Alan. "Neither shall I, nor you either, Hooky, old chap?"

"No, but you both went off to the East soon after it happened. Did you ever hear the end of it?"

"No; both my wife and I have often wanted to know what became of her old friend who stole her necklace."

Here Walker took out a cigaratte case, from which, with much care and patience, he selected a cigarette, during which process Alan was able to observe that inside of it, let into the silver, was a portrait, apparently executed in enamel, of a remarkably pretty girl; so, in order to stir him up a little, his friend remarked:

"Oh, who is it this time, Hook, old man?"

"Not a word, not a *word*, my dear old chap. This was given me on my birthday by the best and dearest girl in the *world*, and every time I get out a cigarette I look at it and think——"

"Of all the others, I suppose," ejaculated Alan, who had been pretty well used to all this pantomime for the last ten years, on and off. "I only hope her brother will come round and whack you with a big stick—hope he will, I'm sure—or else you will be getting married, and then what will the regiment do? What *was* the end of the story?"

"Before I tell you anything, Alan, just answer me this question. Do you see any reason why Joan Ogilvie, after having been detected, as she was, could not have married, and made some man supremely happy?"

"I certainly see no reason," replied Alan. "In a matter of mutual attraction, a man's just a man, and a woman's a woman. I don't think it really matters to a man *what* a woman has done, so long as he knows. He only cares for her because she is—*what* she is, and does *not* care for what she was, and if a man is delicate about it she will love him all the more—don't you think so?"

"Of course I do," said Hooky, "and the end of the story was that Joan married soon after she left your father-in-law's. They have two children, and are as happy as possible. In fact, I am her husband."

MAJOR C. G. MATSON.

"A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE!"

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Opening of the Salmon Season: An English Water

Photo by *Hunt Li ley*

The North Tyne, near Wall

The North Tyne, which effects a junction with South Tyne a few miles below Wall, runs through some of the most picturesque scenery in the North, and is also famous for its salmon

With the South Oxfordshire
Mr. Onions, the Master's father-in-law, busy with his camera

BY FIELD, STREAM, AND COVERT

Edited by the Hon. L. J. BATHURST

The South Oxfordshire

Considerable variety is the leading feature of the South Oxfordshire country. There is plenty of grass in places, the tract which surrounds the fixtures of the Three Pigeons and Thame being hard to beat, though its fences and ditches are somewhat severe. Close to Oxford are vast woodlands, familiarly known as the Quarters, where, with a bad fox before them, hounds may stay for hours; in such sylvan haunts. Waterperry Wood, whose acres correspond in numbers to the days of a normal year, is the centre round which the day's doings revolve. But should the pack happen on a real old stager of a fox, these woodlands present the most delightful possibilities, for hounds may run over a charming grass country towards Brill and Wootton, in the Bicester domains. Round Nuneham, where the Old Berkshire borders are touched, there is some very fair mixed country, whereas in the southern extremity one comes to a totally different style of surroundings; for towards Henley-on-Thames are miles of rolling hill-country, fenceless, but by no means devoid of covert. It is, in fact, the region whence emanate the far-famed beechen chairs of the Chilterns, to which penitential memory, in most of us, reverts. The kennels of the South Oxfordshire Hunt are at Stadhampton, not far from the riverside town of Wallingford, and not precisely an ideal position; should hounds, for instance, finish off in the Bicester country, an unenviably long homeward ride is the staff's lot.

Masters, Past and Present

It was the late Lord Macclesfield that set the South Oxfordshire Hunt on a permanent footing, sixty years ago, but his first term of office was of the briefest, for a successor had to be found, in 1848, in the person of Mr. J. Shaw Phillips, who hunted the country for nine seasons. From 1857, however, must be dated a period during which the fortunes of the Hunt have been maintained at a high level, with the exception of a very few seasons when the sport flagged somewhat. On resuming the control of the country, Lord

Photos exclusive to *The Bystander*

With the South Oxfordshire Foxhounds: The meet at Warborough

Mrs. W. Henry Barber, the Master's wife, chatting to Walter Keyte, the huntsman

Photo exclusive to *The Bystander*

With the South Oxfordshire Hunt: Mr. W. H. Barber, the Master, and the pack

Macclesfield set himself to work on forming a really high-class pack, and being, moreover, favoured by exceptional ability as a huntsman, soon earned a great reputation In 1884, by which time he had attained a ripe old age, he made way for Mr. C. Morrell; next came Mr. E. B. Fielden, who reigned from 1887 to 1894, and is an elder brother of Mr. J. Fielden, a former Master of the Fitzwilliam. Six seasons saw Mr. Ashhurst at the head of affairs, and in 1900 Mr. H. G. Pease came. The present Master, Mr. W. H. Barber, was elected in 1902, and lost no time in making the country go ahead. He engaged Walter Keyte as huntsman, who soon proved the falsity of the notion that a Leicestershire man is quite lost in the provinces. Mr. Barber believes in bestowing the closest attention on every detail; hence the satisfactory result that everything runs smoothly throughout the whole Hunt. Foxes are well preserved, horses and hounds are first-rate; his régime is, in short, a complete success.

The South Oxfordshire Hunt: The meet at Warborough

Northern Notes

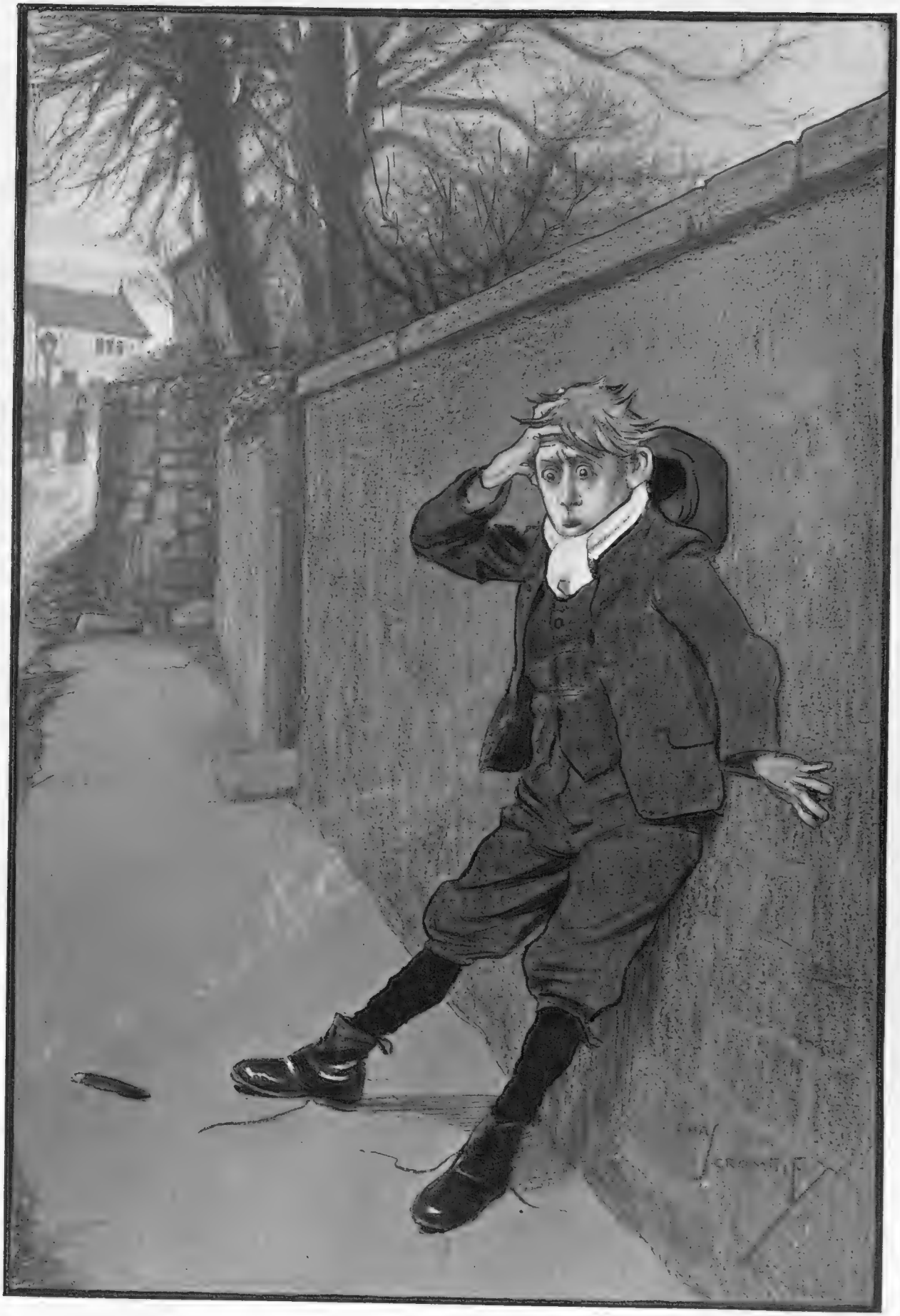
To the list of retiring Masters, two additions have to be made from the North. Mr. C. T. Maling, who, in 1902, succeeded Major Scott in the Haydon country, has signified his intention of resigning at the end of the season, the chief reasons for taking that step being the havoc played by mange, and the grave troubles that the notorious "wolf" has caused in the country. It is, however, hoped that Mr. Maling may, like Mr. Carnaby Forster in the Ledbury country, accede to the requests of his supporters, and reconsider his decision. Further north, Mr. Burdon Sanderson has also resigned, and, in his case again, some chance exists of his yielding to entreaty. The Yorkshire packs have been doing fairly well of late, though scent has rarely been brilliant. Though, up to the time of writing these lines, Mr. Brook, the retiring Master of the Badsworth, has not been formally appointed as Mr. Wilson's successor in the Holderness country, it is generally regarded as settled. Over the Border, the death of Sir Robert Jardine has caused universal regret, the deceased baronet having been a most cordial supporter of the Dumfriesshire Hunt. His son, who now succeeds to the title, has been actively associated with the management since 1893.

Irish Notes

One can hardly describe recent sport in Ireland as brilliant, though one or two packs seem to be in luck, such as the United, with which Mr. Nicholson continues to do well. From Dundullerick, the other day, hounds ran hard all day, commencing with a sharp burst to ground at Caherduggan, and then running a five and a half-mile point at top speed from Templeboden Gorse to Ballyedmond, where this fox, too, escaped underground. A sixty-five minutes' gallop from Glenaphuca wound up the day's proceedings, a wide circle of close on ten miles being described. Since that, the same pack has had a good day from Clondulane. Mr. Burke has had capital sport in Tipperary, including a sequence of four good days. The Kildare country continues to suffer from bad scent, and the same remark applies to the Meath. The latter Hunt, by the way, has sustained a sad loss by the death of Mr. J. N. G. Pollock, at the early age of forty-four. The deceased gentleman had, from early boyhood, been an ardent follower of the county pack, and his wood at Mountainstown always held foxes. When Mr. Watson took the hounds in 1891, Mr. Pollock planted a gorse covert, which has been of the greatest service. As recently as February 2, he saw his last fox found there.

Photos exclusive to *The Bystander*

The South Oxfordshire Hunt: Off to fresh covert



NICOTINIANA

"Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises."—*All's well that ends well*

THE JOYS OF BOB-SLEIGHING

By WARD MUIR

Photo by "Boule de Niege" *Ballance*

Winner of the Bob-sleigh Derby at St. Moritz, 1904, showing the novel steering apparatus

What is "Bob-sleighing?" Bob-sleighing is co-operative tobogganing. A toboggan carries one passenger; a bob carries from four to six. And it may be added that a bob is proportionately four to six times as much fun as a toboggan. "A 'bob,'" writes Harold Freeman (perhaps the greatest authority in the Alps), "stands in the same relation to a toboggan as a motor does to an ordinary cycle." There you have it in a nutshell.

Look at the pictures, please, and you will save me columns of vain, wordy description. Bobbing is bobbing; and to try to convey its delirious fascination through the medium of printer's ink and the King's English is simply a waste of both. That its fame has spread pretty universally is proved, however, in rather an amusing way this winter. Half the hoardings in London are plastered by a railway company's poster of trips to Switzerland, and the main feature of the scene depicted is a bob-sleigh, no less! The trifling detail that its crew are energetically "leaning" to the left in order to steer round a right-hand corner may arouse the gibes of the knowing; but that, as charming Miss Ida Rene used to sing, is merely "the humour of the artist." The fact that it is worth while to placard London with a picture of bobbing at all, is significant, and shows what a large place in Switzerland's winter attractions bobbing has taken.

Yet bobbing is a comparatively recent invention. The first bob—the classically historical "Maud S.," belonging to Mr. Whitney—blossomed forth as lately as 1889; and it was not till 1901 that a really big competition for bobs only was organised. In that year the Duke of Manchester founded the Manchester Bowl race at Davos; a contest which has now become, perhaps, the chief event of the bobbing season. Meanwhile, things have "hustled" in the

Photo by *Ballance*

A Bob-sleigh starting at the top of the course

Photo by **BOB-SLEIGH DERBY DAY ON THE NEW COURSE** *Ballance*

When turning a corner all the crew, as one man, have to "lean." Just how far to "lean" and when to resume an upright posture again is only known from the experience born of many failures

world of bob-sleighs, and bobbing is now as true a science as Cresta tobogganing itself.

Bob-sleigh building has travelled far since the day of the wooden "Maud S." The modern bob-sleigh is a majestically complicated affair, with steel runners, and fitted with a steering gear to the fore, and a powerful brake aft. The steering is, in nine cases out of ten, actuated by tiller ropes working in pulley blocks; but last winter several intensely up-to-date bobs suddenly put in an appearance, whose steering was controlled by a hand-wheel device similar to that on automobiles, and one of these newcomers, the "Fram"—carrying a Leysin crew—defeated all the older machines at Davos (much to the surprise of speculators in the Selling Sweepstake, by-the-by). The "Fram," it may be mentioned, *en passant*, is probably the lightest bob for its size in Switzerland; and it is generally held by experts that lightness is a merit only in certain conditions of the course. The "Brittania," Arosa's champion bob, is, contrariwise, exceedingly heavy, and has repeatedly come out at the top of the list in important races. The "Brittania's" first appearance on the Klosters Course at Davos—with which its Arosa crew were unfamiliar—was made memorable by an accident which might have been somewhat serious. Coming full tilt down the last "straight" after the "Elbow," the captain did not realise the sharpness of the far-famed "Cabbage Garden" corner; and to the horror of the onlookers he and his bob leapt clean over the fence and into the said vegetable enclosure. By a miracle, the "Brittania" did not turn turtle, and none of her crew were badly injured; but the difficulty with which the mighty machine was hoisted back on to the roadway again was sufficient demonstration of the ponderous lines on which she had been designed.

The "Brittania," if I remember aright, was the first bob to employ a brake with non-synchronising levers. That is to say, it had really two brakes. By pulling the lever on the right, a brake at the right side of the stern was brought into action; by pulling on the left, it was the left. In most bobs, the two levers actuate one large brake between them, both working simultaneously. The theory of the "Brittania's" brake is that it aids in steering—but whether this is held as proven, I cannot say. The brake, of course, is simply a row of steel teeth, which are pressed down into the snow behind the tail of the bob, and have the effect of slackening its impetus. Without an efficient brake, every bob-sleigh in existence would be literally an engine of death and destruction, not merely to its own crew, but to everybody else on the road. With a brake, there is little or no danger, provided reasonable caution is exercised. Given a decently muscular brakesman, any bob can be brought to a standstill, however tremendous its pace, in a few yards' distance.

In bob-racing, however, caution is apt to be thrown to the winds. To stop, or even to slow down, is more than human crew can bear. The magnificent thrill imparted by the motion is too alluring. The "feel" of a good bob on a fairly rapid course is oddly reminiscent of travelling in one of the long, big-springed bogie carriages of, say, a London and North-Western express. There is a delicious, smooth roll, a lovely swing, a beautiful irresistibility. Moreover, each of the crew has a sense of personal control and proprietorship. For the success of a bob-sleigh run does not depend on the skill of the captain-steersman and the brakesman alone. Each of the crew must be in harmony with their orders. When a corner comes, and the captain shouts "Lean," every member of the crew must lean with all his (or her) might, or the corner will not be successfully negotiated. And when it is past, everyone must regain an upright position once more, precisely at the correct psychological instant, or the "leaning" will be overdone and the bob upset. Co-operation is even more essential when the course is a slow one, or the bob is travelling on a stretch of level. Here it is necessary to "swing" or "bob"; which means that the whole crew must, as one man

Photo by *Ballance*

The "John Peel": Preparing to "bob"

When greater speed is desired, the crew of the sleigh first lean back, as shown in our illustration, and then throw themselves forward, somewhat after the manner adopted by the cox of an "eight"

nod their bodies back and forwards with all their might and main to "buck up" their pace. If this is not done in exact time it is worse than useless.

For these reasons it will be apparent that a bob-sleigh's crew have to be in perfect harmony; as perfect harmony (though on a smaller scale) as a foot-ball team. The ideal bob crew give their whole souls to the sport. They neither ski nor skate. Every day is devoted to two or three bob runs down the course, in order that its every detail may be learnt by heart. By the time the race day arrives, the crew know to a nicety how much must be the extent of their "lean" at each corner, and how severe their brakeing. There is a speed at which it is possible to round each corner in safety; taking it a fraction faster means a "run-out"; a fraction slower, and the race is lost. There

Going for the Record! Sequel below

may even be points on the course which are so heavy and slow that it pays for the crew all to jump off their machine, and run at its side, pushing it. To get through this manœuvre without loss of a single second, takes immense drilling. There must be no shirkers or slackers amongst the bob crew which intends to annex the prize in any first-class race.

The Manchester Bowl race takes premier place in the sporting calendar of the Davos year—at least, as far as the onlookers' opinion is concerned. Bobs come from almost every resort, near and far, to compete in it. The Klosters Course, over which it is run, is an ordinary road, with all an ordinary road's difficulties and dangers. It is quite in the day's work on the Klosters Course to whiz round a corner and find yourself within a few yards of a horse and sleigh, or even of a strayed and mutinous cow. In such cases, presence of mind is the only thing which will avert a nasty accident; and the fact that accidents are, comparatively speaking, so rare here, is a magnificent testimonial to the nerve of the average captain and crew. The Arosa road course is even more sporting, for at its fastest point it traverses the main street of a small village. To scud at forty miles an hour between houses and drawn-aside sleighs, missing chickens and other livestock by a half-inch, and yelling madly the warning cry of "*Achtung!*" lest the children playing near should take it into their heads to cross the track, is about as gloriously wild an experience as anyone may seek. Little wonder that the Arosa teams are famed for their hardihood and nerve.

The cheap sneers which have been foolishly levelled in the past at the French, as a non-sporting nation, have been effectively answered by the records of bob-sleighing. At Davos, the Gallic members of the Toboggan Club have founded a race, the "Coupe de France," which attracts scarcely less interest than the Manchester Bowl itself. The prowess of the French crews is remarkable, considering how novel the pursuit is to the majority of them; and on one occasion, at least, they beat the Britishers hollow—much to the very genuine delight of everyone, the vanquished included. Long may this small, but admirable, example of the *Entente Cordiale* flourish!

As usual, St. Moritz has made bobbing into a sport for the luxurious. At St. Moritz there is a special course for bobs alone, fitted with a telephone, electric timing, and an iced uphill finish. The Bob-sleigh

Photos by *Ballance*

Disaster attends the "Walküre" Bob in its attempt to make a short cut to the finish

Derby is held on this course, and is comparable in interest to the Grand National on the Cresta. The bob run begins close to the great Kulm Hotel's skating rink, descends through the woods, and finishes parallel with the Cresta, and at the top of the same acclivity. Two bridges had to be made by the railway company, it is amusing to note—one to cross the Cresta and one for the bob run.

When a Swiss railway company thinks it worth while to build a bridge especially to avoid inconveniencing bob-sleighers, and when an English railway company thinks it worth while to design a poster advertisement of bob-sleighing, there can be no question that the sport is one which "has money in it."

WARD MUIR.

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Isles of Scilly Golf Club

Until quite lately I was under the impression that no corner of the United Kingdom was without a golf course and a flourishing golf club. Apparently, such a benighted spot existed, and this drawback to the universality of golf has only been recently removed. I refer to the Isles of Scilly, where the little red flag has only just been planted, and where the inhabitants have been content to produce lovely lilies of the narcissus order without giving any thought to the much more serious concerns of life, such as golf and other pursuits, whereby the denizens of the rest of the Kingdom manage to alleviate the dull round of life.

Photo by *King*

The Scilly Golf Links: Mr. Huett at the Carn Marvel green

Samson, the island home of Sir Walter Besant's "Armorel of Lyonnesse," is seen with its two hills in the distance

The Missionary of Golf in Scilly

The golfing St. Augustine of the Scilly Isles is Dr. T. Brushfield, who imbibed his love of the game at Cambridge, practised it during his residence at Wimbledon, and, on his arrival in St. Mary's Island, busied himself with instituting the game, and propagating the love of it, among the inhabitants of the Isles. The course was begun in February of last year, and it is hoped that by Easter it will be in a fit condition for the holding of an amateur tournament as a send-off to the new addition to the golfing family circle. The round consists of nine holes, one of them, the Carn Marvel hole, being 450 yards long, with the green situated on a rocky prominence on the sea line. The situation of the course, with its beautiful sea views, makes me think of the North Berwick links. Dr. Brushfield, who is the Hon. Secretary of the Club, must have had no easy task in starting the game, for he was practically the sole repository of the great golfing secret, and had to inspire enthusiasm in an unknown game. But the golf pioneer is not deterred by any obstacle, and the Doctor has succeeded in turning his golfing pupils into full-blown members of a golf club, and filled them with the same burning zeal for the game as animates him. The soil is peaty and dry, and the grass is crisp and short, so that there is every promise of an excellent course. The hazards consist of stone walls (another similarity to North Berwick), furze, and two ponds. Hugh Town, the Capital of St. Mary's Island, is only seven minutes' walk from the links, and if anyone contemplates a visit to the new links, he will be able to get from Mr. Macfarlane, the Treasurer of the Club, a list of excellent lodgings

How to Get There

Starting by the 9.50 p.m. express from Paddington, the visitor will reach Penzance next morning at about 8 a.m., and thence a boat will take him on to St. Mary's in about three hours. I should imagine that the travelling golfer would have a most enjoyable trip at Easter, if the promised tournament comes off, for he will be able to combine golf and a sight of the flowery marvels of the island; while at Newquay, on the mainland, he will find an admirable course, on his return, to give him that variety which the golfing epicure likes just as much as any other epicure. I wish Dr. Brushfield and his fellow-members of the Isles of Scilly Golf Club every possible success in their new enterprise.

Ernest Lehmann

Dr. Brushfield at the first green

In the middle distance is St. Mary's pool with Taylor's Island, while beyond, there are seen the Garrison Hill on right, Hugh Town on the isthmus, and the main part of St. Mary's Island is on the left

A lost ball near the Carn Marvel green

Photos by] **Mr. Mumford driving** [*King*

St. Martin's Tean and St. Helen's Islands in the distance

THREE VIEWS OF THE SCILLY GOLF LINKS

A MATTER OF TASTE

"It's very good of yer ladyship to spend so much time slumming—*I* couldn't"

Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"South Africa: A Glance at Current Conditions and Politics." By J. H. Balfour Browne, K.C. The result of a recent visit to South Africa, dealing, among other matters, with Chinese Labour and the future form of Government. (Longmans.)

"The Life and Letters of Robert Stephen Hawker." By his son-in-law, C. E. Byles. From hitherto unpublished manuscripts. Illustrated. (John Lane: 21*s.* net.)

"William Barham Donne and his Friends." Edited by Mrs. Barham Johnson. W. B. Donne was a well-known man of letters in his day; successively Librarian at the London Library and Licenser of Plays. (Methuen: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Great Zimbabwe." By R. N. Hall. (Methuen: 21*s.* net.)

"The Twentieth Century Child." By E. H. Cooper. (John Lane: 6*s.*)

"Sicily: The New Winter Resort." By Douglas Sladen. (Methuen: 5*s.* net.)

NEW FICTION

"The Castle of the Shadows." By Mrs. C. N. Williamson. (Methuen; 6*s.*)

"A Dog's Tale." By Mark Twain. (Harper: 2*s.* net.)

"An Instinctive Criminal." By the Hon. Gilbert Coleridge, youngest son of the late Lord Chief Justice. (Treherne: 6*s.*)

"De Profundis." By Oscar Wilde. (Methuen: 5*s.* net.)

"The Temptation of Anthony." By Alice M. Diehl. (John Long: 10*s.*)

The Latest Books

The Twentieth Century Child

By E. H. Cooper.

(John Lane: 6s.)

Mr. E. H. Cooper became very well known a few weeks ago, to the public at large, when he set going a discussion which resulted in various Metropolitan pantomimes being made a good deal more suitable for the entertainment of children than they have been in late years. But, before that time, his name was well known to those who enjoy a thoroughly good modern novel, and especially to those who love children and enjoy reading about them. Mr. Cooper is devoted to children, and writes about them in a way that is only equalled by Mr. Kenneth Grahame, but he has never written so well as in the papers which make up this charming book, from which, if there were space, one might quote page after page of good things. Some of his writing has a serious intent, for his love of children is a wise love, and he objects strongly to the foolishly lavish way in which they are entertained nowadays; objects to their being made a show of, as is the custom of some modern mothers, and pleads broadly for a return to simpler and more disciplined habits, to the advancement of the child's welfare and incidentally of its happiness. But when most serious he is as bright and readable as possible, and when he gives rein to his delight in the sayings and doings of his many little friends he is irresistible. Surely the fathers and mothers of the next generation, and of generations after, will treasure this delightful book as the true and most charming portrait of early twentieth century child life.

Great Zimbabwe

By R. N. Hall

(Methuen and Co.: 21s. net)

It is not so very long since the theory was first put forward that the Havilah of the Old Testament, whence King Solomon took his great stores of gold, was to be found, not in India, or Egypt, or Arabia, or Persia, or indeed anywhere on the coasts of the Indian Ocean, but in Mashonaland. The theory has now come to be accepted by a large number of scientists, although some, with curious blindness, still ignore the very suggestion, in spite of the most remarkable evidence that has been brought forward in its favour, and is still being accumulated. Mr. Hall's book is a fascinating contribution to the theme. He does not go into arguments, pro or con, at any length—that has already been done—but contents himself with describing the results of his two years' excavations in and about the great temple of Zimbabwe, where he has put it beyond doubt that two remarkable settlements have taken place, one in about the thirteenth century of our era, the other about two thousand years before Christ. It is, of course, the former occupation that is supposed to have been that of the ancient Himyarites, from whom King Solomon obtained his stores of gold. Mr. Hall has much that is interesting to say about the natives, who, in many tribal customs, still show surprising parallelisms with Jewish customs, but his book is chiefly valuable for its careful information, maps, and photographs of the extraordinary temple buildings themselves, and the relics of past civilisations that have been gathered from them.

De Profundis
By Oscar Wilde
(Methuen and Co.: 5s. net)

The "cry of souls in pain" must always be a terrible thing to listen to, and when that cry is made with a voice trained to the highest expression of emotion, it is more terrible still. There are pages in this book, made by an outcast in a prison cell, that are as painful as any written words can be. One realises the horror, the despair, the rage, and the grief, and finally the healing conviction. "There is only one thing for me now, absolute humility," with its pitiful acceptance of sorrow as the deepest expression of life. There is a good deal in the book that appears trivial and perverse, and there are passages which seem to contradict the lessons that the writer claims to have learnt in his loneliness and pain. But the searching appeal remains, and cannot be heard without poignant emotion.

Sicily: The New Winter Resort
By Douglas Sladen
(Methuen and Co.: 5s. net)

One's first impression on looking through Mr. Douglas Sladen's book on Sicily is one of wonder at the enormous amount of information gathered together; one's second, on a closer inspection, of admiration at the way in which a guide-book has been made interesting. But the fact is that, although the book contains everything of value that an ordinary guide-book would include, it is much more than a guide-book, and the greater part of it can be read with pleasure anywhere or at any time. One of the chapters, for instance, is devoted to a motoring tour of two months in Sicily, another to bargain-hunting in Sicily, another to the Mafia, and special attention is given to the classical monuments and legends in which Sicily is so rich. This excellent book must from henceforth be as indispensable to travellers in Sicily as a sufficiency of money or anything else that cannot be done without.

The Temptation of Anthony
By Alice M. Diehl
(John Long: 6s)

This is a notable study of temperament, made real by a very true insight into human nature. It deals with the love of a priest for a woman, and the story is worked out with remorseless clarity and convincing power. The types which the author presents are wonderfully true to life, especially those of the High Anglican circle from which Father Anthony, the renegade priest, comes. Father John, the wise old man, content to play second fiddle to leaders of far less age and experience, good and devoted, but cheerful and even slangy—is excellent. And so are the rest of the characters in this arresting story, greater and lesser alike.

Books to Appear Shortly

It is interesting to learn that George Farquhar is, at last, to find his place among the "Mermaid Dramatists," under the editorship of Mr. William Archer. Posterity has not proved kinder to Farquhar than his contemporaries, though he was one of the best of the Congreve school—full of gaiety, as Leslie Stephen wrote in the "Dictionary of National Biography," and "a gentleman in spite of recklessness, and an affectation of the fashionable tone of morals." The story is told of how he was tricked into marriage by a lady who, falling in love with him, pretended to be an heiress; but he seems to have behaved remarkably well when disillusioned on the subject, and, apart from his financial difficulties, made an excellent husband. His debts were the death of him in the end, for the Duke of Ormonde persuaded him to get clear of some of these by selling his lieutenant's commission, promising at the same time to give him a captaincy—a promise which he never fulfilled; and the disappointment broke poor Farquhar's heart. "Dear Bob," he wrote to his friend Wilkes, shortly before his death in 1707, "I have not anything to leave thee to perpetuate my memory but two helpless girls. Look upon them sometimes, and think of him that was, to the last moment of his life, thine.—George Farquhar."

Farquhar's best-known play was his last—*The Beaux Stratagem*, which he wrote in six weeks, during his last illness. His first play, *Love in a Bottle*, was produced at Drury Lane in 1699, a year or two after he had himself abandoned the boards through stage fright, having all but taken a brother-actor's life by accidentally stabbing him in Dryden's *Indian Emperor*. The other plays selected by Mr. Archer include, *Sir Harry Wildair* and *The Recruiting Officer*—in which he makes use of his own experiences while on military duty.

Readers of Walter Scott's "Fair Maid of Perth" will remember the great combat of sixty on the North Inch of Perth in 1396—an historical fact which has probably led to as much comment as any purely local quarrel in Scottish history. This much is certain, that the fight was permitted by Government, that the rival clans were each represented by thirty picked men, that the struggle was as sanguinary as indecisive, and that, for a time at least, the spirit of the Highlands was broken; but the participators in the fight, and their motives, are still matters which are open to discussion. A fresh attempt to settle the dispute has now been made by Dr. R. C. Maclagan, who is bringing out a book with Messrs. Blackwood, entitled, *The Perth Incident of 1396: From a Folk-lore Point of View.*

A new romance by Mr. Justice Huntly McCarthy, entitled *The Dryad*, will be published by Messrs. Methuen at the middle of this month. The scene is Athens; not the Athens of modern or ancient days, but at the dawn of the fourteenth century, when Greece was governed by splendid French adventurers, whose courts were centres of wealth and chivalry. It is a period but little touched upon as yet, either in English fiction or drama, and if Mr. McCarthy deals out justice to it in his book, there is no reason why a dramatised version should not make a brilliant success on the stage.

Two characteristic books, by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, are to be published this season, one coming almost immediately from Messrs. Harper, under the title of *The Club of Queer Trades*, with the author's own illustrations. *The Club of Queer Trades* is an eccentric and Bohemian society, of which the sole condition of membership lies in this, that the candidate must have invented the method by which he earns his living—it must be an entirely new trade. The second book is to come from Mr. John Lane, under the title of *Heretics*; and here Mr. Chesterton deals in particular and at large with the "heresies" of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mr. H. G. Wells, Omar and the Omarites, Mr. George Bernard Shaw, and others.

Gossip About Books and Their Makers

"Nothing New"

The contemplation of the past is not always the best occupation for the mind, but there are times when it is salutary—times of pride in present achievement, for instance. Most of the things we plume ourselves upon as the peculiar privilege of our day have been anticipated long ago. "Nothing new under the sun." Solomon was right. Some time ago a little fuss was made by patriotic Scots over a dead countryman, who, it would seem, discovered wireless telegraphy before Mr. Marconi was born. Mr. Stead has even had the mortification of learning that a journal, with the same purpose as his *Review of Reviews*, existed in Edinburgh nearly a hundred and fifty years ago. We hear a great deal about the expensive books that are produced in our day, a craze that has reached the height of absurdity in the "Millionaire's Dickens." But, just a century ago, Boydell's wonderful edition of Shakespeare's works was completed, at a subscription of five hundred pounds for each copy, and there were nine volumes in all! Boydell had been a poor country lad, who walked up from Shropshire to London, where he prospered so well as an engraver that he became Lord Mayor in 1790; but this huge enterprise ruined him financially, and he died in the year it was completed. Cobbett has some caustic remarks on the subject in one of his letters to young men.

Photo by *Kate Pragnell*

Mrs Mona Caird

The well-known novelist and writer on the "Marriage Question"

Cobbett and Criticism

Mention of Cobbett leads me to ask: Is he still read to any extent? A new edition of his admirable "Rural Rides" appeared not long ago, but I doubt if many of the younger generation are acquainted with his "Advice to Young Men," a book which young and old might read with immense profit. I do not know of any edition now in print, though the times stand in need of it. It is worth a score of such works as Pastor Wagner's "Simple Life," which is having so great a vogue in America just now, where the "simple" pastor is lecturing at a fee of £120 a night. Cobbett wielded a splendidly virile pen, and is worth reading for his style alone. He is terribly severe on the critics, and applies the case of Ireland's Shakespeare forgeries with crushing effect. It is certainly worth remembering that a lad of eighteen was able to concoct imitations of Shakespeare so deftly that "the manuscripts were regarded as genuine by the most grave and learned doctors, some of whom (and amongst these were Doctors Parr and Warton) gave, under their hands, an opinion that the manuscripts must have been written by Shakespeare, for that no other man in this world could have been capable of writing them." As one who has penned a good deal of criticism, I am not flattered by Cobbett's contempt for literary critics, yet I confess that there is much truth in his contention that it is unwise to rely implicitly on critical opinion. Mr. Sidney Lee is about the most cocksure writer on Shakespeare with whom I am acquainted. I should have rejoiced if he could have had an opportunity of pronouncing on the Ireland forgeries. I suspect he would have been in the same boat with Dr. Parr and the others.

Literary Humbug

Ireland, Chatterton, and other misguided geniuses, who fathered their own compositions on famous authors of the past—Mr. Andrew Lang has a delightful chapter on this subject in his "Books and Bookmen"—were condemned as forgers by the literary opinion of their day; but we seem to have grown laxer in the present century, and it is now quite legitimate to pretend that your book is, for example, the actual heart-cry of some agonised soul, and not merely a work designed to sell by creating a spurious interest. The difference is, it seems to me, one of degree rather than kind. But, in this respect, Southey furnishes a case that is hard to beat. In a letter of his, recently on sale in London, he wrote a friend: "That very odd book, 'The Doctor,' has been sent to me, with the author's compliments, in an unknown and apparently disguised hand. At a first glance over its contents I ascribed it to D'Israeli, but D'Israeli cannot write so uniformly well. Rogers has been suspected: if it be his he has masked his opinions." Seeing that Southey was himself the author of the book, this was hardly frank—not to put too fine a point on it.

Mrs. Mona Caird

I hope that Mrs. Mona Caird, whose latest portrait I have pleasure in giving this week, will not be offended to find herself so close to the company we have been discussing! Certainly, she

has never sailed under false colours, for no woman of her day has more frankly spoken her mind on the subjects which interest her and her sex. Time was when her name was a very familiar one in the columns of the daily Press, but of late she has not been so much in evidence, and I do not think she has published a book of any kind since her last novel appeared in 1898. "The Pathway of the Gods," as it was entitled, I remember for its glowing pictures of Italian life, and its clever analysis of the "artistic temperament." Mrs. Caird is, perhaps, chiefly associated in the public mind with her bold treatment of the marriage question, but in the course of the last twenty years she has written some excellent fiction, including a number of admirable short stories, the literary quality of which has been so high that one is surprised she has not made even greater use of her talent in this direction.

A Literary Sailor

"Deep-sea wonder and mystery" was Mr. Kipling's description of the book with which Mr. F. T. Bullen may be said to have leapt into fame six years ago. So well and widely-known is his name to-day, so secure his popularity, that one is astonished to find it is all a matter of six years. But they have been busy years; for his new book, "Creatures of the Sea," into which I have just been dipping (no jest intended), is his thirteenth. The brine is in the blood of all Englishmen, and the author who can write with knowledge and sympathy of the sea, has a sure passport to the heart of the British public. Mr. Bullen is one of the few who have shown this power, and his first book, "The Cruise of the *Cachalot*," is likely to become one of our classics of the sea, informed as it is with the true spirit of understanding, a clear and direct literary style. It is the precious harvest of an observant eye, and of a soul atune with the elements. Many men who have "followed the sea" have taken to authorship, but in our time only Mr. Conrad has had a first-hand knowledge of his subject equal to that of Mr. Bullen's, and while fiction seems to be Mr. Conrad's natural medium of expression, I incline to think that Mr. Bullen is at his best in the descriptive narrative. He has remarked that many of our poets make ridiculous blunders, when they write of the sea, through lack of knowledge, though he confesses that "the greatest sea-poem I know of is purely imaginative. I have never heard that Coleridge went to sea, yet 'The Ancient Mariner' is almost the last word on the subject." Which is only saying that the highest imaginative art can, by vision, achieve any triumph that is within the scope of the most sympathetic and penetrating observation. The story of Mr. Bullen's career is one of the most arresting among those of contemporary literary celebrities. Born at Paddington in April, 1857, he had no schooling after he was nine, and until his twelfth year he was an errand lad, little better than a waif. At that early age he first went to sea, and for the next fourteen years had a very varied experience in all parts of the world, serving in all capacities, from ship's boy to chief mate. It is generally supposed that he only gave up the sea when he found fortune as an author; but that is quite a mistake, for he spent more of his life as a junior clerk in the Meteorological Office than at sea. Readers of "The Cruise of the *Cachalot*" will remember that the author shipped at the port of New Bedford, Massachusetts, then the headquarters of the whaling industry, for his first eventful voyage in the *Cachalot*. That must have been more than a quarter of a century ago, and we can imagine the delight with which Mr. Bullen, now famous, found himself at the old port on his visit to America in the autumn of 1901. He had the joy of boarding a whaler that came in during his stay, and the Yankee reporters made much copy out of his doings.

Photo by *Kate Pragnell*

Mr. F. T. Bullen

The author of many popular sea stories, who writes from a first-hand knowledge of his subject

Mr. E. Temple Thurston

As Tennyson has so truly said:

> Words, like nature, half reveal
> And half conceal the Soul within.

Thus arises many a misunderstanding. Mr. Temple Thurston, of whom I wrote the other week, in what I fancied was a most appreciative way, considers that I did him an injustice by suggesting that he had waited for Mrs. Thurston's success before publishing his own novel. On referring to my note, I confess that this construing of one passage is not impossible, yet no thought was farther from my mind, and I hasten to say so emphatically. I am now informed that Mr. Thurston published his first work four years before he was married, and his second two years before that happy event, while his first play was staged some months before Mrs. Thurston's novel, "The Circle," appeared. "The Apple of Eden" Mr. Thurston began seven years ago. All that I meant to say was, that a book which had been accepted on every hand as his first novel appeared after Mrs. Thurston had made that name a famous one in the world of letters, and I trust no one will think I was covertly sneering at the author of "The Apple of Eden," of whose earlier works I am profoundly ignorant.

Jatt.

Official Views on Police Traps

The Society of Motor Manufacturers opened the proceedings at Olympia on February 10, with the customary lunch, and my only reason for going back so far is that Lord Stanley, who proposed the toast of the Society, found time to discuss the ever-interesting question to motorists of what are known as police traps. The attitude taken up by motorists and the Press, with regard to the action of the police, seemed to Lord Stanley, unfair, and to show how unreasonable that attitude was, he read a communication from the Secretary to the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police. This letter stated that the general and *erroneous* impression abroad is, that the police endeavour to trap motorists, and, in consequence, the result is that the relations which exist between the force and the great body of motorists are not as friendly and as satisfactory as they might be. Taking these few lines of the letter first, I think they may be dismissed with a smile, for only in a Gilbert and Sullivan opera can you expect a motorist, who is caught in a police trap, to consider the action a *friendly* one and the resulting fine *satisfactory*. The letter is a long one, but it will be sufficient, for my purpose, if I quote the following portion, which contains, perhaps, the first official description of a police trap :

> The distance over which the cars are tested is carefully measured, and two officers, each with a chronograph, are placed at either end of the measured distance; and when their timing shows that the speed of the car is well above the legal limit, a third officer in uniform is signalled to stop the car nd inform the driver. It may be noted (1) that the officers have instructions, as a rule, to select their test distances on the actual level; (2) that they report, when applying for permission to summon, upon the state of the road, whether slippery, or otherwise, and also whether the car has anti-skidding appliances. In deciding whether a summons shall be taken out, consideration is given to the car having anti-skidding appliances which would enable the driver to effectively control it even on a bad roadway. Further, the chronographs used by the Metropolitan Police, which are supplied by a competent watchmaker, are excellent of their kind, and are systematically called in for testing purposes.

A Misleading Description

I think I shall be in accord with the majority of motorists who have suffered from police attention during the last twelve months, when I definitely state that this description is, to say the least of it, distinctly misleading. Over and over again the watches used by the police have been proved to be inaccurate. Many times it has been shown that the accuracy of stop-watches can only be relied on when they are used by an expert timekeeper. Over and over again, motorists of position and standing have assured the magistrate that the car was under perfect control, and that the

A handsome landaulette body on a Crossley chassis

This was built to the order of Lord Alwyne Compton by Messrs. Hooper and Co., Ltd.

roads were dry, and not the least attention has been paid to their statements. Furthermore, these police apologies for trapping cars make no mention at all of by far the most objectionable type of trap—I mean the "driving to the danger of the public" trap. These kind of traps the writer of the letter ignored, and he ignored them for a very good reason. There is not a word to be said in their favour, and their existence is open to the greatest abuse.

The "Driving to the Danger of the Public" Trap

Finding, towards the latter part of last year, that the motorists were not inclined to take their convictions lying down, and had the presumption to question the police watches and measured distances, the police fell back upon the loose wording of the new motor Act, and simply summoned motorists for driving in a manner which, in the opinion of two or three police constables, was dangerous to the public. The cars in many cases were not even timed, nor was any distance measured out. It was sufficient for a policeman to consider that a passing car was going too fast; the car would be stopped, name and address taken, summons issued, and the man would be charged with driving to the danger of the public. The motorist would plead that he was not driving to the danger of the public; that, perhaps, there was no public on the road at all; then the police fell back on the Act again, and the man was convicted of driving to the danger of the public that *might* have been on the road. It is of little use for Lord Stanley, or anyone else, to maintain that the law has been carried out properly. Motorists over and over again, last year, were unjustly fined. Sometimes they appealed, and managed to drag an acquittal from the Appeal Court, at an expense in many cases of nearly £100; others simply paid their fine, shrugged their shoulders, and let the thing go. The history of last year is not satisfactory, and the fact that the police have put forward such a letter shows that the authorities themselves know that their attitude towards motorists has not been a right one.

Photo exclusive to **A petrol torpedo boat** [*The Bystander*

Built and designed by Messrs. Thornycroft, this boat was a feature in the annexe at Olympia. It may justly claim to be a type of boat which will be found exceedingly useful in warfare

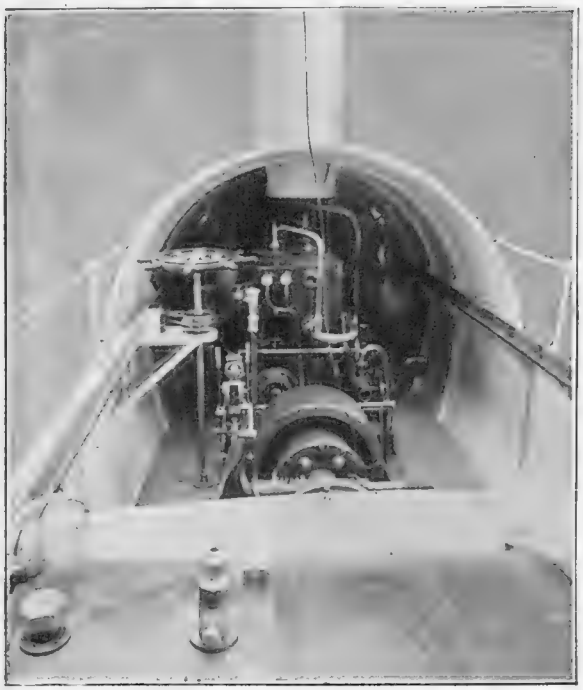


Photo exclusive to *The Bystander*

View showing the engines of the "Dragon Fly," which are placed forward under a spray hood

Parliament and Motors

If, during the present Session, there is any time left, after the different parties have ascertained what each really thinks about the Fiscal Question, perhaps some Member of Parliament, who owes his seat in some measure to the efforts of motorists in bringing voters to the poll, will ventilate the subject of police traps in the "Commons," and will point out the iniquitous nature of the "driving to the danger of the public" trap. While on the subject of Parliament and motors, I do hope that the Universal Lights Bill will receive attention from Parliament at an early date. The danger of the country cart crawling along in the middle of the road, with one tiny paraffin lamp on the front footboard, is a real danger to other road users, and the accidents that occurred last year, through this and other vehicles not being compelled to carry a tail light, surely shows the absolute necessity for this measure being passed at as early a date as possible. There is a rumour that the promoters of the Bill intend to ask Parliament to exempt cycles and motor-cars from carrying a tail light. While I certainly agree that if there is any vehicle which need not be compelled to carry a back lamp, it is the motor-car, yet I feel that if this was put forward it might damage the chance of the Bill. It is much better to make every vehicle carry a tail lamp.

The Gordon Bennett

The International Conference, held on February 20, at the Automobile Club de France, for the purpose of discussing the arrangements for the Cup Race, decided, after much discussion, to separate the Gordon Bennett from the Grand Prix, and to run the first on June 15, and the other on July 5. I congratulate the French Club on their decision, and hope that in return for this satisfactory settlement a full number of English representatives will support the French Grand Prix.

Alfred C. Hunter.

Photo by *Topical Agency*

A building wrecked by the great fire in Long Acre, in which so many valuable motor-cars were burnt

The fire attacked and seriously damaged or destroyed no fewer than thirty-eight different buildings, the majority of which were motor show-rooms. The force of firemen employed at the fire—forty-three steamers and 270 firemen—was almost equal to that engaged at the memorable conflagrations at the Barbican and Haydon Square goods yard. The damage done is estimated at £300,000

LACROSSE

WEST LONDON BEAT CATFORD BY TEN GOALS TO SEVEN

It too often happens that the eagerly anticipated event is disappointing in the result. This cannot be said, however, of the match between Catford, the holders of the Southern Senior Flag, and West London, in the second round of the tournament for the Championship of the South of England last Saturday. Since Catford broke up the monopoly of premier honours, so long enjoyed by Woodford, last year, the competition has been invested with considerably more interest. West London were by common consent regarded as the holders' most dangerous opponents, but, while their tie in the second round was expected to produce one of the keenest of games, few gave the West Londoners the credit of being able to gain the victory. The unexpected happened, however; for Catford had to retire defeated by ten goals to seven. This of the contest can be accurately described. West London were forced to act on the defensive from the start, and it is not too much to say that, had it not been for their sound defence, and particularly the brilliant goal-keeping of C. H. Scott, the old Cantab, Catford would have gained the victory by a substantial margin. The most prominent man on the

C. H. Scott, the West London goalkeeper, rushes out and saves for West London on more than one occasion

Photos exclusive to [*The Bystander*

Facing to draw

practically ensures the victory of West London in the final, which is set for decision on March 18, at Lord's. Although Surbiton, who are almost certain to be their opponents on that occasion, have shown considerable improvement of late, it is unlikely that they will be able to make a very great impression on the West London team. Providing the latter fulfil expectations, they will be repeating their victories of 1890, 1893, 1897, and 1899.

It would seem almost paradoxical to say that the losers in Saturday's match had quite two-thirds of the game, but that is the only way in which the run winner's attack was E. P. Jones, at second home, of whom it is no exaggeration to say that, of ten opportunities of scoring, he converted seven into goals. C. J. Mason, the Catford custodian, did all that could have been expected, but he stood no chance against the lightning shots of his most dangerous opponent. On the West London attack wing, C. D. Young was weak in taking the ball in the first half, but he improved later, and he and his partner, H. H. Scott, contributed in no small degree to their side's success. It must be confessed that the combination of the Catfordians was superior to that of their opponents. H. L. Sach, E. Archer, E. H. Pickering, and W. F. Tozer, were, perhaps, the best of the Catford attacks. They invariably passed well, and generally showed good judgment, but in the last quarter of an hour there was a distinct falling off. Disheartened by their lack of success, this was, perhaps, not surprising, but it may be that West London owed something of their deserved victory to superior staying power.

MATTERS MUSICAL

The Gentle Art of Accompanying

It has been my fortune to hear so many concerts during the past week, that my brain is filled with what I hope are instructive reflections on the gentle art of accompanying. To begin at the beginning, chronologically, would be to notice the début of the International Symphony Orchestra, which undertook to accompany M. Karcsay at his first concert. Though it is scarcely fair to judge of its form without hearing it play something more exacting than accompaniments, I trust I may find forgiveness for saying that it would be a relief to the soloist, and incidentally to the audience, if the wood wind could play a little more in tune in the future. Of Karcsay's undoubted genius it was a little difficult to take the measure, since he chose to play music which the English ear is seldom given to hear. But from his playing of Schumann's "Traümerei," given as an encore, it is evident that he is not lacking in musical feeling. It would be interesting to hear him in music demanding greater powers of comprehension.

M. Karcsay

The Hungarian violinist, who recently made his first appearance in London

The Cymbalum

A great deal of interest and not a little amusement centred in the cymbalum, which figured largely in the accompaniments. This evolution from the dulcimer is played or rather tapped with two felted rods held by the performer. Its effect is distinctly pleasing, the resultant tone being something between that of a harp and a piano, and on this occasion it was skilfully manipulated by one Feri Sárközy, who, on the principle of the prophet, must be entirely without renown in his own country. It is unfair to omit a mention of Miss Blanche Esmonde, who sang with delightful intonation, and Mdlle. Janotha, whose piano solos were a perfect joy.

At Miss Hall's Recital

At Miss Marie Hall's recital it was very evident that accompanying a violin solo and playing a sonata for violin and piano were two widely different things, as far as regards the pianist. Miss Hall, who, by the way, has never been in better form, was ably accompanied by Mr. Hamilton Harty, but when Mr. Egon Petri took his place at the piano, the instrument at once demanded more than its share of attention. I remarked, some months ago, on the vehemence of Mr. Petri's touch, and since then it appears to have grown, rather than decreased in vigour. As Mr. Tobias Matthy points out in his admirable treatise on "The Act of Touch," it is possible to obtain the maximum amount of sound out of any piano with the fingers actually resting on the keys to start with, and any extra impetus tends to spoil the tone. Mr. Petri has such an excellent technique, that it is to be hoped he will conquer this temptation to produce mere noise, and allow the audience to hear a little of the violin in future.

Photo by *Histed*

Miss Marie Hall

Who, having recovered from her recent illness, is now playing better than ever before

The L. S. O.

The London Symphony Orchestra is practically ideal for the purpose of accompanying, and Miss Fanny Davies's recital in March, which M. Edouard Colonne comes over to conduct, should be a great treat. M. Colonne's incisive bâton directed a delightfully crisp performance at the last Symphony Concert.

H. F.

COULD "PARIS IN THE STRAND" BE WORSE THAN THIS?

Photo copyright to *The Bystander*

What offers for this desirable site?

It was on this site, which has too long been an eyesore, that the proposed "Paris in the Strand" project was to have been carried out. As everybody now knows the scheme was shelved owing to the Puritanical prejudices of certain members of the L.C.C.

A REMARKABLE COUNTRY FUNERAL

Photo by *Coster*

Funeral procession of the late Mr. Louis Huth

The late Mr. Louis Huth was greatly beloved by the folk of Sussex, in which county he was a large landed proprietor. His remains were borne to their last resting-place in an old Sussex waggon, the horses were led by farm servants, and in the *cortège* was a long procession of the county people in their carriages

CHARITY AND AMUSEMENT*

By
LADY VIOLET
GREVILLE

Lady Violet Greville, daughter of the fourth Duke of Montrose, is well known as an authoritative writer on he social questions which concern the world of women.

It has been reserved for the twentieth century to discover the hidden link between Charity and Amusement, and to develop the possibilities of both by blending and welding them together into a homogeneous lump. In the days that are no more, people either gave themselves over to good works and religion, eschewed plays, and abhorred dancing as a wile of the evil one, or plunged wildly into pleasure, careless of saving their souls. A hard and fast line was drawn between the frivolous and the serious members of Society, and no fusion between them was ever contemplated. The wild joys of croquet parties and Church bazaars absorbed all the energies of good folks, and amply satisfied their desire for amusement, even when the successful and exciting raffles were sternly forbidden by the scrupulous. As time went on, however, bazaars ceased to attract the careless crowd; slippers and woolwork lay unheeded on the despised stalls, the demand for penwipers, braces, screens, and nicely dressed dolls, waned daily while the need for money grew apace. The psychological moment had arrived, and something must be done in the cause of philanthropy, or the sources of the golden river, which had been poured forth in the service of the poor, must run dry.

It was then that the frivolous, scenting a new sensation, stepped forth to the rescue, and declared that there was nothing antagonistic between amusement and charity; in fact, in a good cause, all means were good, provided they coaxed money out of the pockets of the public.

Charity fêtes and balls on a gigantic scale, attended by all the advantages that science, art, and money could supply, were organised, and proved so highly remunerative, that last season in London has become a record of industrious effort in the cause of charity and amusement.

The Spreading of the Net

Novelty is the great goal aimed at; to hear and to see something new forms the burning desire of modernity. Every successful effort in this direction makes the next one more difficult, and necessitates the planning and thinking out of singular and inspiring effects by hundreds of willing brains. The organisers of these splendid fêtes labour diligently for months beforehand. They have to spread a net destined to catch big and little fishes, the curious, the wealthy, the idle, and the unwary, none of whom must be allowed to escape through the open meshes. The greatest ladies of fashion, whose time is already fully occupied, disdain not to put their hands to the plough, and to make success a certainty.

To take a few instances: the Life-Boat Fund has been fortunate in obtaining great and influential patronage. The story of the brave men who go down to the sea in ships to rescue helpless fellow creatures through raging storm, and howling tempest, among fearful surroundings at the risk of their own lives; and the expenditure of serious effort and immense self-denial has appealed to tender feminine hearts who organised a splendid concert at the Queen's Hall last year, at which Madame Melba, always kind-hearted and always popular, lent the aid of her great talents. Many other singers also gave their valuable services for the cause of charity, and came to the fore. No one grudges a couple of guineas for a ticket which admits one to such delightful musical fare, and the society of the high-born ladies who provide it. So the money-making concerts are certain of success, and the humble, hardy mariners, of profit.

A Brilliant Ball

But concerts alone, brilliant as they may be, do not satisfy the feverish activity of those working in a good cause. Balls have become a favourite way of obtaining large sums, but they must not be the ordinary private or subscription balls, they must possess some special feature. For the ball in aid of the King's College Hospital Fund, old English country dances were revived, a touch of mediæval picturesqueness being given by these and the costume head-dresses worn by the various ladies, of whom Lady Pembroke was the moving spirit. Beautiful designs and sketches for these head-dresses were obtained at the various hairdressers, thus indirectly benefiting trade, while taste, erudition, and artistic fancy, were called into play, and ran riot freely in the process of choice. There is here a fine chance for the frivolous; any amount of money may be lavished, any amount of time and imagination bestowed by the woman who is anxious to display her beauty to the best advantage, and to bring to bear on the subject the opinion and advice of her skilled artist friends. Naturally the price of admission to such a unique function runs high. Boxes fetched fifteen guineas and more before the night. Lady Galway, Lady Cholmondely and other ladies arranged Scotch Reels, and Highland dances, always popular with the masses, and gave large dinner parties beforehand to ensure the presence of their friends.

Floral decorations are another item of beauty, and,

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Next week, Mr. Frederic Harrison will deal with the question of "My Pet Abomination"

in this instance, the whole hall, and all the boxes, were wreathed with fragrant flowers, the roof became a blazing mass of splendid electric light, while twinkling lamps, in the forms of rose, shamrock, and thistle, wound round the pillars, and decorated the stately form of the organ.

Some Annual Fêtes

One of the prettiest annual fêtes is that given by Lady Ancaster in aid of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. It has hitherto taken place at the Botanic Gardens, but this year the dances, being on a more elaborate scale, were seen at the Albert Hall. "The Pageant of the Months" afforded a spectacle of unwonted beauty and grace, the fencing exhibition offered by Lord Howard de Walden, and the huge flower and fruit market presided over by the Duchesses of Bradford and Somerset completed the tale of amusement and beauty. H.R.H. The Duchess of Connaught opened the fête, which, with its feast of fun and fancy, must needs interest the most indifferent spectator.

Children always arouse sympathy, and one is not surprised to find that the next large bazaar at the Albert Hall was in aid of the Victoria Hospital for Children, given under the capable direction of Lady Cadogan. This entertainment was opened by the Queen herself, who has always evinced the liveliest compassion for the suffering of the little ones. Here the novelties provided were a menagerie of wild animals, including the tiniest and most engaging of Norwegian and Shetland ponies, which were offered for sale and eagerly bought up by fond parents. Thus once more, amusement and charity go hand in hand. The stalls at this bazaar represented nursery rhymes, and the last evening terminated with a merry dance.

The claims of charity in the leisured classes (erroneously called the idle) will thus be noted as real and arduous work. No patroness of a ball simply gives her name and presents a small donation, as may have been the case formerly, but she is expected to give all her time and energy, and toil harder and more gaily than she does who earns a precarious living for herself.

A Woman's Pocket Book

WOMEN'S CLUBS AND MASCULINE CRITICS

Man is somewhat severe, and not a little unfair, upon most of woman's harmless pursuits and amusements; but the only thing which he really cannot stand with *any* toleration, perhaps because he (rightly or wrongly) thinks it takes her unnecessarily out of her home, is woman's clubs. A cynical personage has been saying lately that the "British husband regards women's clubs with amusement, as places where women eat strange meals and put up with discomforts which would not be tolerated for an hour in a man's club." This is rather a slight upon our dignity, but, at least, it casts no reflection upon our character, and, if we do not mind amusing the "British husband," it just shows how good-natured our sex really is. But another yet more cynical individual does, indeed, distress me in his estimate of club-life among women. "There hangs," he says, "over the average ladies' club an atmosphere of veiled hostility and suspicion, brought about by the unfriendly attitude of the members to one another." The idea that women are incapable of friendship for one another, or even unsuited to ordinary good fellowship, is a delusion which, it seems, we shall never be able to dispel from the masculine mind.

A Pertinent Parisian Project

But we are on the way to have our revenge. If we are not exactly projecting it ourselves, at least our sisters across the Channel are going to avenge themselves, and our sex generally, for man's unkindness. Parisian women propose the establishment of a club in which the overbearing husband — and surely, therefore, the uncomplimentary husband who makes these nasty remarks, and also the discourteous man, whether husband or bachelor— is going to be effectually squashed. "He will be made to realise that he is dealing not only with one particular woman, usually very quiet and submissive, but with the whole body of club women, behind whose skirts his timid spouse finds courage and resistance." I did not know until I read this passage, that French wives, or wives of any other nation, were so appallingly submissive and constitutionally timid. However, let that pass. What an exciting scene it will be. Who shall say after this that women are not comrades, fighting shoulder to shoulder, for the weakest and most submissive? Why, strikers and patriots and general uprisings are not in it with these valiant French ladies! Yet, after all, perhaps, it may remain only an empty dream.

Favourite Masculine Fallacies

Speaking of the way in which we are misjudged by men, I might mention that a very favourite fallacy of the masculine mind is the idea that women are the people, and the only people, who "gossip." It would be useless to say that women do *not* gossip, because no one would believe me; and, indeed, I should not believe myself. But that women are worse, or even such *bad* gossips as men, is a question which I think might be settled in woman's favour. Half the ill-natured tales spread about the world come from the smoking compartments of railway carriages, or from the dinner-table after the ladies have left. Moreover, women gossip about comparatively trifling things, such as their acquaintances' little extravagances, or their bad tempers, or their treatment of their servants; while men take away their neighbours' characters wholesale; and frequently make matters worse by asserting that they have heard such and such a thing about such and such a person, but they cannot repeat it, for it is much too bad to tell their wives or sisters.

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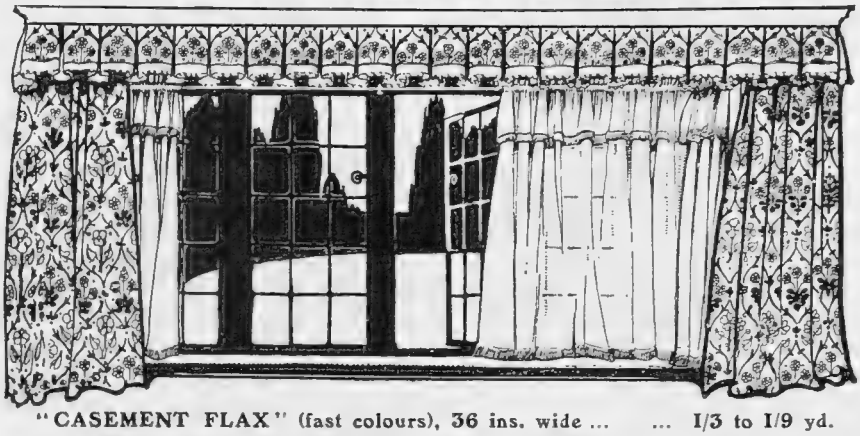

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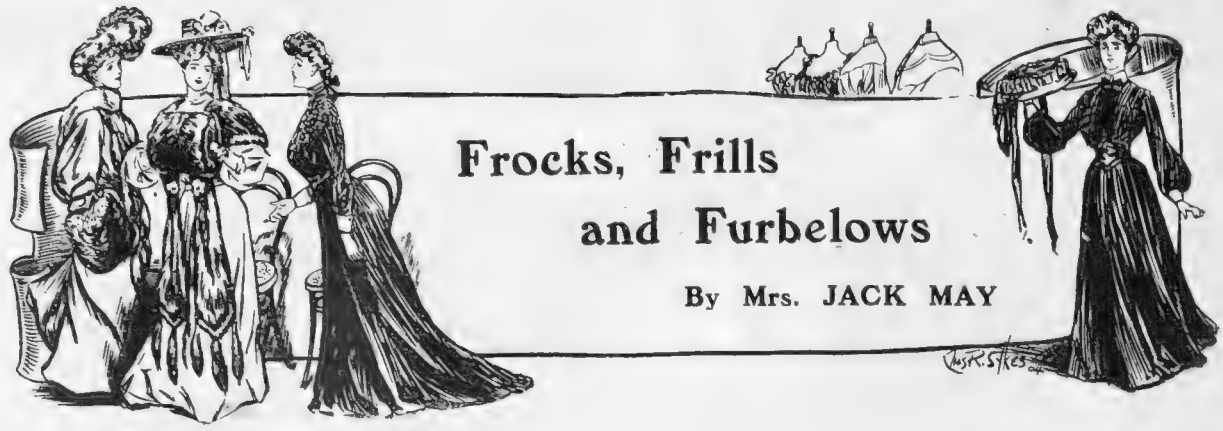

Frocks, Frills and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Parliament always makes the pleasantest stir. It is impossible to be really dull when St. Stephens is awake, notwithstanding the fact that the few representing Society—spelt with a big S—would have us believe that, lacking their presence, the large majority, without the sacred pale, must perforce be consumed with *ennui*. Now, as a matter of fact, nothing of the sort takes place, and the next few weeks are likely to become one of those enjoyable "in-between" seasons, when a pleasant, easy *camaraderie* takes the place of the stiffer, and decidedly duller, social conventionalism.

An Emphatic Note

To enliven the town with a very blaze of wood violet is the ambition of practically all the large representative establishments. Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, has a grand display, and runs the whole gamut, from that pretty, pastel pinkish lilac to the deepest tint a wood violet is capable of expressing. The styles there, too, are quite surpassingly good, and embrace all demands, from the severest tailor-made to the most *récherché* visiting toilette. We noted and admired immensely an extremely long, close-fitting coat, cut very *décolleté* over a vest of oyster cloth, which harmonised delightfully with the delicate old-world lilac of the costume. And this model gave evidence of the approved slight wrinkling at every seam, a detail effectually calculated to stamp the creation as of the immediate hour. Apart from that, if you would have our frank opinion, this treatment seems a little meaningless; it is so slight, if you can understand, that it has more the appearance of a mistake than an intention. On the other hand, it has the full sanction of *la mode*.

A simple shirt of white satin and embroidered lawn
(*From an original design*)

Then a capital provision here, for the young girl on a moderate allowance, is found in some pretty checked voiles, frocks with sunray pleated skirts, and lace yoke bodices, lined through with silk, for the incredibly small price of four guineas. For that short trip up to Town, ostensibly to see the Academy, which is all the season fate vouchsafes to many country girls, these little voile gowns are ideal, and while hitting a favourite fancy of the hour, are in no sort bizarre, and consequently perfectly possible for wear afterwards in a curtailed community, where criticism is apt to be as scathing as it is ignorant.

Some time, when space permits, I shall be tempted to give forth certain sentiments that have grown up within me, anent the dressing of the country girl. Meanwhile, my most sincere advice to her is to go and see what Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, is doing in the way of Spring seductions.

The Irrepressible Bolero

Despite the rival attractions of the Redingote, Directoire pelisse, and various novel mantles of pronounced length and fussiness, the bolero flatly and firmly declines to be ousted. It has the buoyancy of true courage, and we have been immensely interested in its latest evolution—which, by the way, has caught the mercantile fancy prodigiously—a conspicuous affair by reason of a short, slung cape at the back. The actual bolero is quite close fitting, and one successful model carried narrow vest fronts, cuffs, and Napoleon collar, of réséda velvet, embroidered in dull gold.

But the bolero, both in taffetas and a soft sort of satin, which, for lack of better knowledge, we should term "poult de soie," has a continued career

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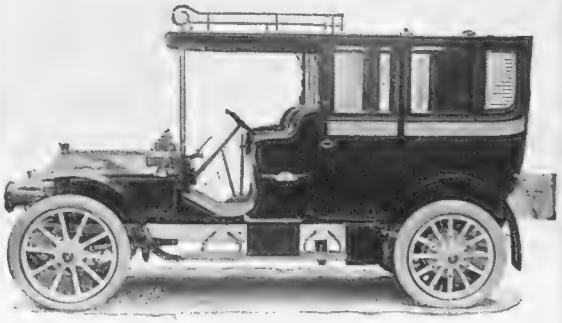

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undoubtedly before it, although it will not, as heretofore, usurp the situation. And, personally, a capricious love of change and variety will induce me to abandon it altogether in favour of the pelisse with a fulled three-quarter basque, a style that is irresistibly charming in black *souple* taffeta, inset with broad lines of black Valenciennes lace, and completed by wide cape sleeves, terminating just below the elbow, and set out over a frou-frou of white chiffon frills, veiled in black lace.

Or another model, that went straight to our hearts, was fashioned of the above-mentioned satin, laid in an infinity of small box-pleats that were dove-tailed on the body part with lines of black velvet. And this carried smart turned-back cuffs and a high Napoleon collar of black velvet, heavily embroidered in gold, raised in high relief, and was wholly and convincingly of the best.

The Claims of the Simple Shirt

That we have already proclaimed them will doubtless be recollected by many, and also the fact that a certain firmer make of satin was being requisitioned in their cause. Since then we have learnt of the decorative addition of embroidered lawn insertions, and from out the combination our artist has evolved an original design, that is verily replete with temptation. A close-pleated frill of plain lawn conforms to the notable demand of the moment, as does the neat bow cravat of black ribbon velvet, over which falls a shapely little collar of the embroidered lawn, the treatment of the sleeves again evincing both novelty and charm.

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THE CONNOISSEUR

SOME POSTAGE STAMPS, OLD AND NEW

Possibly the postage stamp record of the late Queen Victoria, whose head appeared continuously on the stamps of the United Kingdom for over sixty-one years, will not for a long time be excelled or even equalled. From the year of issue of the world's first adhesive postage stamp, the British 1*d.* black of 1840, down to the well-remembered heliotrope stamp that was in use at the time of her late Majesty's death in 1901, the central device of all British adhesives was the same profile head of the Queen, depicting her as a girl not quite out of her teens.

The world's first adhesive postage stamp

It is a wonderful record, and there is no nearer approach to it in the case of a reigning monarch than the present Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria, whose head has figured on his country's stamps almost continuously from 1858 until the present time. Breaks, however, occurred in 1863-66 and in 1883-90. Unlike the late Queen Victoria, who on her postage stamps was always a girl of eighteen, the Austrian Emperor has grown older in his postal portraits as well as in real life. The pictures we get of him on the stamps of 1858, 1861, 1867, and 1890, show us Kaiser Francis Joseph at various stages of his long and grief-shadowed life. Look at the embossed issue of 1858. His head here is that of a young man, and a slim and a clean-shaven one withal; but on the stamps of 1867 we find him "filled out," a robust, comfortable-looking man of middle age, his upper lip and cheeks adorned with the military moustache and the bushy side whiskers that he has worn from that day to this. Lastly, the stamps of 1890 show us Francis Joseph as a sexagenarian, *sans* hair, *sans* the rounded cheek of earlier years, but with his "mutton chop" whiskers as full and luxuriant as ever. And as the artist portrayed him on the issue of 1890, so he has ever since remained — *on the Austrian postage stamps.* Clearly another picture is needed to round off the series, a portrait of the venerable Emperor, as he is now, in his seventy-fifth year, with moustache and side whiskers, as white as snow, and with his kindly face lined and wrinkled by the sorrows of a life that must surely rank among the saddest in the story of humanity.

Russian Charity Stamps
Issued in aid of the widows and orphans of Russian soldiers

On recent issues of postage stamps from Austria, by the way, one may see across the face of the stamp a series of shiny diagonal bars. These are formed by the application of a peculiar transparent varnish, of a yellowish colour, which, on the stamp being immersed in water, will cause the colour partly or wholly to disappear. The lines of varnish, in fact, are a means of preventing the cleaning and fraudulent re-use of the current Austrian stamps.

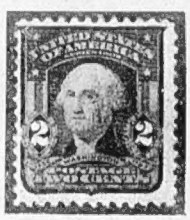
A current stamp of Austria
Showing the diagonal bars of "safety" varnish

Harking back to the subject of postal portraits, the longest-lived postage stamp head, next to that of the late Queen Victoria, is the effigy of "the Father of his Country," George Washington. From the day when the Federal Government made the first national issue of American stamps in 1847, there has never been a time when Washington's head has not figured on the current postage stamps of the United States of America. Of late years, it has been customary to place the head of George Washington on the value most commonly used, the two cents, this being deemed the greatest honour that the Republic he founded can pay to the boy who could not tell a lie.

These things, and many others equally interesting, are part of the romance of the postage stamp. They afford, perhaps, some excuse for the philatelist's boast that his is the most fascinating of all "collecting hobbies."

Russia could scarcely have treated stamp collectors to a greater spasm of astonishment than by the issue of a series of Government postage stamps in aid of a national charitable movement. In the past, Russia, like other slow-moving nations, has not been prodigal of her postal issues. Fewer postage stamps have sufficed to satisfy her wants than in the case of various small Republics like Honduras and Salvador, mere specks on the earth's surface as compared with the Empire of the Romanoffs. For such a country, with such a record in postal administration, suddenly to issue a series of what stamp collectors contemptuously call "gumpaps" (a word not yet recognised by Nuttall), is one of the greatest surprises of the philatelic year. The stamps, four in number, bear illustrations of some of the most noted public monuments in Russia. Each stamp being sold at a premium of three kopecks over face value in aid of the fund for Russian soldiers' widows and orphans, the price for the whole series at a Russian post-office is thirty-seven kopecks, or about tenpence in British money.

P. C. B.



The "Father of his Country"
The current 2 c. stamp of America

Mrs. Adair

Mrs. Adair, of 90, New Bond Street, W., has written a very interesting and instructive book, called "How to Retain and Guard the Youthful Beauty of Face and Form," in which she alludes to the historic powerful influence of feminine beauty, and then lays stress on the duty of the culture of such beauty as Nature has conferred on each of us, and thus adding to the harmony of the world, and, by utilising science and our common sense, arresting decay.

She wisely points out the necessity of adapting physical exercises to individual requirements, and tells us that the exercises (some forty-three in number) which she has devised are "specially arranged for women."

Mrs. Adair then teaches the great importance of a proper carriage of the head, neck, and shoulders, and of the maintenance of the centre of gravity in the erect position within the natural lines of the spine. She rightly insists that "breathing lessons are most important" until adequate inflation of the lungs by nasal breathing, rather than the common method by the mouth, is mastered.

Long residence in the East, added to keen observation and a natural love for the scientific study she has taken up, has won for herself now the most prominent position amongst Beauty Specialists. She teaches us that the skin, already very elastic, *must not be moved or stretched* in any way; but, by gentle treatment with the Ganesh Muscle Oil, the hollows will be filled out and the contours of the face improved.

Ever since Mrs. Adair started her wonderful work, she has made a point of visiting the different countries in order to study and adopt the best treatment to be obtained. Her work never ceases to make progress, and every year is nearing perfection.

The late Mrs. Harriet Hubbert Ayer, an American writer, visited London with the object of studying Beauty and Physical Culture in our great city. In the popular American paper called "The World," she devotes a whole page to the criticism of Mrs. Adair and her teaching. These are her own words:—"Mrs. Eleanor Adair is the BEST-KNOWN TEACHER of Physical Culture in London. She is her own best advertisement. She is a tall and stately brunette, with a beautiful svelt figure, a notably handsome woman, and, when I saw her, very elegantly and elaborately gowned. She is doing excellent work, and, as the Irishman would say: '*More power* to her!'"

The best recommendation is shown in the fact that every week Mrs. Adair's *clientèle* increases, and she has establishments in Paris, New York, and in Birmingham; and, added to this, she is now well known and recommended by the Medical Profession.

Ladies should send for her book, which is to be had at 90, New Bond St, London, post free, or if possible pay a visit to one of Mrs. Adair's branches. The time would be well spent.

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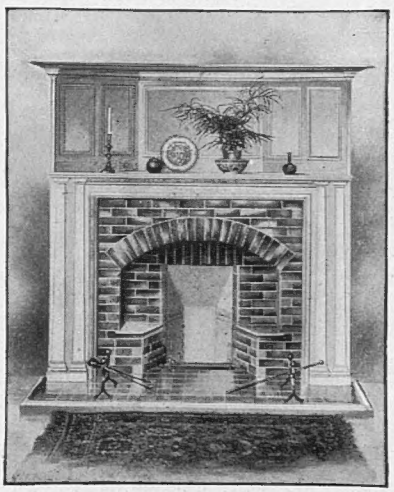

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

"The White Cat"

"By kind permission of the *Daily Mail*," the pantomime continues to flourish at Drury Lane, and despite the long time which has elapsed since Christmas, the performance goes with irrepressible vigour. Mr. Harry Randall has not yet scrubbed all the paint off the much-enduring baby, and Mr. Hugh Ward continues to transform himself nightly from Simeon the ape to Simeon the frock-coated dandy. With unabated glee, Miss Marie George still delights to launch good Cupid's darts with unerring aim at this one and that, while Miss Queenie Leighton looks as handsome as ever as "Prince Peerless." One can have nothing but wonder and admiration for the marvellously beautiful scenes and miraculous stage effects presented, and more than a word of praise is due to the energetic chorus, on whose vivacity so much of the life of the piece depends.

The Lyceum

The management of the Lyceum believe in the policy of frequent changes of programme. The effect of this policy is a welcome absence of that rather stereotyped form of entertainment which often obtains at music-halls. The latest newcomer is Tarro Myaki, announced as the Champion Ju-Jitsu Wrestler of Japan, who defeated Yukio Tani at the Tivoli Music Hall. It would add greatly to the excitement of this class of entertainment if the men pitted against the Japanese were skilled in the foreign style of wrestling. It has been proved pretty conclusively that no wrestler, according to English rules, can stand out against the deadly arm and leg "locks" of the Japanese, and it is becoming rather monotonous to see wrestlers defeated time after time through total lack of prowess in a particular system. Either let the Japanese wrestle English fashion, or vice versâ. The Pickard Troupe of Pantomimists can only be described as screamingly funny, their burglar and gendarme business causing the heartiest laughter. Mr. Norman French is a revelation as an eccentric dancer, so new and involved and capitally executed are his steps. A sense of comedy, too, greatly adds to the value of his performance. The Lyceum Operatic Company, who have made such a great success, have now added to their repertoire the duet in the prison scene of *Il Trovatore*.

"My Lady Nicotine" at the Alhambra

The *mise-en-scène* of the new Alhambra ballet is worthy of a subject which lends itself, better than most subjects, to picturesque treatment. The historical side of the fragrant weed introduces us to many foreign lands and peoples, of which Virginia takes pride of place. So it is quite in the order of things that the opening scene of the new ballet should be laid in a Virginian plantation about 1770. Here the happy darkies are tending the tobacco plant in the delightfully irresponsible manner which distinguishes labour on the stage. A little story is here developed, introducing native dances and some very pretty melody. From Virginia it is no journey to the interior of a Turkish harem, where the cult of nicotine takes the form of the dainty cigarette and the bubbling Narghileh. Again a change of scene from pashas and their favourites to the stout burgomasters of Holland, revelling in pipes and cigars. The ballet concludes, after the way of ballets, in manner more imaginative than historical. Here is revealed the "Discovery of Nicotine" and "The Abode of My Lady Nicotine." The subject of the new ballet is greatly in its favour; the treatment, too, is worthy of the traditions of the Alhambra management, which has the services of Mr. Charles Wilson, the producer, and Mr. George W. Byng, who is such a master of melody.

Our Coloured Supplement

Our Coloured Supplement this week is entitled "A Fair English Maid." The original of this striking study is Miss Evelyn Beaumont, a young player who has filled several engagements in London during a career of two years upon the stage. Miss Beaumont is to appear in *Agatha*, Mrs. Humphry Ward's new play, which is to be produced at His Majesty's Theatre next Tuesday afternoon, forming the first of Mr. Tree's repertoire. This series of Tuesday afternoon performances will not interfere with the regular programme at His Majesty's Theatre.

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